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Week of March 22, 1942

Maid in America

Painting by
Henry Clive
Verses by Phyllis McGinley

HENRY
CLIVE

No. 9— The Girl of Today

New Amsterdam girls were merry and good;
The Puritan loved her duty,
And tempting to kiss was the Creole miss,
Like the sultry Spanish beauty.

Fair were the maids of '76,
Who rallied the infant flag on;
While worth renown in her calico gown
Was the girl of the covered wagon.

Oh, the Southern girl had a delicate air—
The minstrels have sung her story,
And gentlemen fell for the Nineties belle
In the prim conservatory.

Yes, pretty they were, and witty they were,
And well were their charms arrayed.
But we raise our glass to a likelier lass—
American born and made.

The blood of them all runs in her veins;
She's a red and a white and a blue girl.
But no beauty of theirs with hers compares.
She's the Nineteen-Forty-Two girl!



A Checkup of the Freshman Class at Yale University Revealed That 22 Boys Out of Every Hundred Are Six Feet Tall or Over and Average 161 Pounds.

Once Sam's Growing Crop of 6 Footers

ARE we well along toward creating a new race of Colossians or giants who will steadily increase in size until we may, some day centuries off, find ourselves a race of super-men? It almost looks that way if the careful figures kept on Yale students during the past 59 years show the direction in which our college boys are going—and it seems that they do.

According to these statistics, college boys today, at New Haven anyway, are stronger, taller, heavier and younger than their fathers were away back in 1883 when the study was begun.

These conclusions are based on a study of 32,000 young men who entered Yale's famous portals to acquire an education. Robert J. R. Kiphuth, Director of the Yale Gymnasium, compiled these figures. William Deegan, assistant in the Physical Education Department of the University, quotes them in a statistical study of his that appeared recently in the Research Quarterly, official publication of the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation.

The outstanding thing these figures tell is that there has been a surprising increase in the number of six-footers. Today, says the study, 22.6 per cent of the men who entered Yale in the last class to be tabulated in the survey, are six-footers—a great increase over 18.7 first class studied 59 years ago which had only 4.3 of its members 72 inches tall.

The freshman class that entered Yale last year was also the first in the college's history to have members with an average height of 70 inches as against 67.7 inches for the 1883 group. This is another proof that college boys are getting bigger all the time.

The weight of these boys has also shown an increase. The lads away back in the '80s had an average weight of 137.7 pounds, while the freshmen of 1942 averaged 154.3 pounds heavier or 15.11 pounds in weight even though the age of these modern youths has now declined from 19 years in 1883 to 18.3 years today.

"To date," writes Mr. Deegan, "no simple definite reason can be given for this condition, but such factors as preventive medicine, resulting in an increased immunity to contagious diseases, an improved knowledge of dietetic principles plus their application in practice, and generally higher standards of living account in some measure for this upward trend."

"It is certainly true that public schools show an increased enrollment over the past fifty years. This ever-widening range of education has been accompanied by well-rounded programs of physical training and health campaigns."

Not long ago, Professor Robert J. Delehanty of the Department of Physical Education at Dartmouth College came to a conclusion similar to that of the Yale authorities. He, too, found that college boys—this time at Dartmouth—were taller, heavier and younger than ever before in that college's history.

He based his belief on physical facts and figures that had been gathered by the college over a period of more than 30 years. A good start had been made by the late Dr. John Bowler who was, at one time, the entire athletic staff of the school. Dr. Bowler kept these figures very carefully and accurately so that today they offer a good basis for comparison with recent figures.

Dartmouth has tabulated the average height, weight and age of each of its 36 entering classes graduating since 1908 when physical activities were considered valuable only as a means of "keeping boys out of mischief" or a good way for them to use up their excess energy.

If we divide the statistics between 1908 and 1937 into decades, Professor Delehanty says, "we find that the average entering freshman from 1908 to 1917 weighed 124 pounds, was 67.8 inches tall and was 19.1 years old. During the second decade, from 1918 to 1927, he weighed 136.5 pounds, was 68.3 inches tall and was 18.8 years old. And in the third decade, from 1928 to 1937, he weighed 138.6 pounds, was 68.1 inches tall and 18.5 years old."

The average for the entering classes of 1938 to 1942 is even more startling: weight 150, height 69.3 and age down to 18.08. "This average shows that the entering freshman for the last six years was 11.2 pounds heavier, one full inch taller, and eight and a half months younger than the average for the classes 1907-1938."

"Nor in this tendency at all peculiar to Dartmouth College. A few physical surveys in other institutions, both men's and women's have produced similar results. . . . In spite of the notices which seem to the parent, especially among members of the older generation, that the students of today are physically inferior to those of the good old days," the Professor says, "this is not true."

The muscular development that was formerly achieved by wood-chopping, snow-shoveling and other laborious tasks is now achieved in other ways. Not only is the student developed physically, but he is trained in skills and sports in order that he may carry on his developments after he leaves school and college."

All this is good news to the men in charge of our fighting forces who will soon have under them thousands of college-trained young men, physically fit, sound as a dollar and bigger today than the fighting men who rallied to the support of their country in its wars of the past.

Trying To Save Our Old Folks From Being Fooled For Love

SNOWY-HAIRED Lotharios and Cleopatras who feel the belated stirrings of romance under the Florida sun seem likely to be put strictly on their own. If the Autumnal love affairs add up to disappointment and financial loss they'd best not bother the courts too much or too often.

This is the inference gained by laymen, police and others who have attempted, usually in vain, to guard lone-some grandpas and grandpas on their sojourns in Miami, St. Petersburg and other resorts from professional and amateur chislers. For two recent sharp-eyed decisions by the Florida Supreme Court have spread on the records at Tallahassee the view that if those who go romantic after middle years aren't old enough to know better, the grief they run into is only what they asked for.

In one decision, by Justice Glenn Terrell, the court upheld a man of nearly 70 in the relief from the cruelty of a wife some 30 years younger which a lower court had granted him. But a rare curtain lecture was thrown in that night which will be patted in the bill-folds of the oldsters who retire by the thousands to Florida with the often considerable savings of a lifetime.

Said the court: "On the whole, this case is just another picture of what happens to grandpas in nine cases out of ten when he gets home from grandpa's funeral to find him with the cash and goes angling for a second wife. The suit was brought by the young wife against the grandpa who she had seduced. It is somewhat remarkable that he lacks the intuition to discern that it's the cash and not the woman who is playing for, but it is not remarkable that she becomes irritated with his aberrations and ends up by leaving him when he lingers overtime. Such is the posture of the marriage union when actuated by folly on one side and greed on the other."

The case was not typical for this marriage after all had lasted ten years and produced two children, but it did add up to the usual financial peeling off. The husband, Archibald E. Rice, who alleged his wife had treated him so meanly that he lost 35 pounds, also suffered shrinkage of the bank roll. He obtained a divorce in Polk County, Fla. It carried a property settlement of \$20,000 and a trust fund of \$15,000 for the children. The wife, Marion Rice, found this arrangement unsatisfactory and appealed. The higher court said that there was no evidence of collusion or fraud and the decree should stand.

The other significant decision, by Justice Rivers Buford, concerned the all too familiar phenomenon of an elderly woman attempting to renew her youth with the aid of an engaging young man. The decision released Martin L. Lynch, an Ohio golf pro, of the necessity of spending two years in penitentiary for having, as the Circuit Court in Pinellas County had found, "embezzled" a diamond ring turned over to him by a woman more than twice his age.

The higher court, finding that the woman, Ida C. Pless, "emulated the romantic idea that she was in love with this golf-playing lounge lizard of 27 and, wishing to marry him, gave him the ring."

What followed is summed up by Justice Buford: "He shamelessly accepted the ring as her gift, and, when he

needed money, he as shamelessly pawned it for a fraction of its value."

"She, the former owner, swore as a witness that she had given the ring to the accused; that it was his property when he pawned it, and that she had made a false charge against him because she was then angry with him."

The record justifies the conclusion that the prosecuting witness is a fool and that the accused is a knave, but such showing is not sufficient to warrant the judgment of conviction.

"The jury was probably influenced by a laudable desire to rid the community of a parasite and to separate the silly old lady from the unworthy object of her affections. For every such open instance there are, it is claimed, hundreds that don't gain official attention. The professional chisler is pretty well tagged and city police are quick to escort him to a train, but the amateur is harder to spot, for he (or she) has no record and generally can rely on the victim's keeping a red-faced silence."

Accordingly both the police and interested individuals periodically issue warnings through the larger Florida newspapers. One who repeated the other day a warning has sounded frequently in the past 16 years since she founded a unique organization of oldsters, in Evelyn Barton Rittenhouse of St. Petersburg, Fla., aged 60,000.

As director of the activities of the Three-Quarter Century Club she has known the problems of huntable men and women between the ages of 75 and 100 plus.

One such hopeful Mrs. Rittenhouse recently recalled that the wedding bells would ring as her elderly bank as he was about to turn over \$10,000 in cash to "a good Christian woman I met the other day." She was, it seemed, to inherit exactly that sum but, since her creditors would not wait, she was being put out of her nice house. Gaily, her new gentleman friend had offered to save the day by putting up the cash.

Mrs. Rittenhouse fortunately persuaded him to look up the threatened house. The address given by the "good Christian woman" proved to be a vacant lot. Sensing that something had slipped, the woman eluded police investigation by a hair.

A classic instance is that of the older who looked forward eagerly to marriage with a younger woman he had met a few days before in St. Petersburg. She promised that the wedding bells would ring as her elderly lover had provided a suitable house. The bride-to-be finally changed "just the right place." Exactly how right it was the bewildered fiancé did not learn until he had discharged cash on the line for the deed. His sweetheart, now gaily on her way elsewhere, had sold him her own house at her price.

Not all, however, are romance victims. Word reached Mrs. Rittenhouse from northern children of one elderly visitor that he no longer wrote them but that checks endorsed to a woman were reaching his home by mail and a changed cash on the line for the deed. His sweetheart, now gaily on her way elsewhere, had sold him her own house at her price.

These who have studied animal therapeutics say that the medical instinct does not halt at the saliva treatment. The dog, for example, is a physician as well as a surgeon, differing from his human colleagues in no respect of remedies used. When ill a dog will try to find couch grass, which is an effective purgative. Ailing horses and men are known to seek out and swallow a certain type of clay when they are afflicted with stomach disorders known to the veterinary surgeons as "sour."

Cattle suffering from eczema of the hoof will often place the affected parts in mud in order to bring about a cure. Cats, like dogs, will seek out certain plants when ill. The love of a cat for catnip comes from an instinct which teaches it that the plant is beneficial to its health. Cats have been known to travel miles in order to obtain some of this felina delicacy.

Not the least remarkable of all the achievements of dumb creatures in the line of surgery and medicine are those of birds. Dr. George M. Gould of Baltimore cited a case of a woodcock which, when examined after being shot, was found to have recovered from a severe wound by a previous hunter. The small shot wounds had been neatly cleaned by the bird and were dressed with fine downy plumes before applying bandages.

M. Tatlo, a French naturalist, reported that at least 10 times in his experience he had found birds whose limbs had been broken by shot and the ends of the bones had been neatly set and bound up to heal.

In Central Africa and Southern Asia, where at certain seasons of the year a sort of fever prevails among deer, the afflicted animals were found to seek lake waters in which they waded until only their noses and eyes peered above the water's surface. There they remained for hours until the fever subsided.

In India and some South American countries, it was reported that wild animals, if bitten by venomous snakes, would immediately hunt for certain plants which they would chew. They would then lick the needles of the snake made by the snake's fangs while their saliva still contained with the juices of these plants.

Surveys of medical springs in this and other countries showed they were always frequented by ailing animals, which was cited as further proof of their therapeutic value.



A Canadian Husky Named Chink Not Only Cured His Own Bruised and Frozen Feet But Successfully Played Doctor to the Rest of the Dog Team.

How Dumb Animals Doctor Themselves

WHEN you're sick or injured, you telephone for the doctor. But did you ever wonder how animals, subject to illness and injury as well, get along without the help of a physician? It has long been known that they nurse themselves back to health, but it was not until recently that a thorough study of animal life disclosed just how well grounded they were in the fundamentals of surgery and medicine.

One of the most remarkable cases of animal surgery was reported by Rev. Arthur H. Ingham, a Canadian missionary, who told how a husky, named Chink, not only attended to his own wounds, but actually performed the duties of a surgeon to fellow-members of the dog team. Young said that wounds, frozen feet, and other injuries were systematically and successfully treated by "Dr. Chink."

The dog had only one remedy, which was the cleansing of the affected part by licking it and a subsequent anointment of the place with saliva. Whenever this remedy was applied, the cure was speeded. It was noticed that those parts of the toes of his patients which could not be reached by the dog doctor's tongue went unhealed, showing how thoroughly the saliva and the cleansing process did their work. Indians applied to fellow-members of the dog team. Young said that wounds, frozen feet, and other injuries were systematically and successfully treated by "Dr. Chink."

The treatment of wounds by means of saliva is not peculiar to dogs. Cats, cattle, rats, mice, and monkeys are all known to lick their wounds when they can get at them, and when they try, they try to get their companions to do it for them.

In a survey, observers at John Hopkins University, in Baltimore, reported on how a large monkey successfully doctored itself after cutting its shoulder badly on a projecting nail. The ape examined the wound by parting the hair that grew around it and then carefully selected a handful of clean sawdust which it pressed firmly on the surface until the bleeding stopped. Then it took more sawdust and dusted it over that which was saturated with blood. During the next few days, if a portion of the coating was accidentally disturbed, the monkey would place it with fresh sawdust. Its instinct, or reason, had taught the creature to protect the wound from air or dirt.

Lieutenant Frank Rice, famous British big game hunter, reported that on many occasions injured tigers often licked the flesh around their wounds completely out of hair. He said that the tigers are so conversant with rough points. The big cats would then find a river or water-hole, in which they would soak their wounds hours at a time as a further healing measure.

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Most Widowed Grandpas, According to One Jurist, Just Can't Understand That It's Usually Their Bankbooks That Makes Them Attractive to Younger Women.

Queer Things That People Donate To Beat The Dictators

PEOPLES often say, "I'd give the shirt off my back to help give the dictators a sound thrashing"—and thousands of Americans today are doing just that to bring about the downfall of Hitler and his buddies.

Not only are they taking their shirts off their backs, but false teeth out of their mouths, girdles from their figures, long under drawers from their legs, and they are also sending in spectacles, watches, ice skates and scores of other gadgets with the hope that these will help the war effort.

Through appeals to hospitals and doctors, the committee has collected thousands of surgical instruments and millions of bottles of medicines, but at the same time it has been moved under with strange contributions that well-meaning doctors believe will also help the cause.

A week seldom goes by without the committee being deluged with ancient watch fobs, guns, cast-iron drain boards, automatic pencils, paste-on uniforms for waiters and butlers, golf tees, jack-knives, and hundreds of other oddities.

These hopeful donors even send in preparations for banishing "tail tale breath," or curing that mid-day feeling. One such that came in claimed to be an antidote for yawning and was labelled "yawn drops."

Although admitting they are bewildered by the nature and kind of these contributions, committee officials are grateful for the majority of these things can be sold, and the cash used to purchase medical supplies for the armed forces.

Recently a pair of diamond earrings were received from an anonymous contributor. They were appraised at \$1,000. Other valuables, such as gold cuff links, have been sent which was glad to get them.

"Some of the donations have absolutely no worth—such as the used girdle and long under drawers were recently received—but in the main, the gifts have a certain sale value," says Mrs. Mathilde C. Self, sub-treasurer.

From these queer contributions, cash donations, and other gifts the committee has realized nearly \$400,000.

Some people contributed their Old False Teeth and Long Winter Underwear.

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Social Triumph at Last for Scorned, Long-Suffering Widow Gould

For Many Years the Financier's Second Wife Lived as a Recluse, Endured the Tortures of Ostracism, Gossip and Lawsuits; Then She Doctored Her Widow's Weeds, Married Into Nobility and Now Finds Herself a Countess Whom Nobody Dares to Snub



Two of Mrs. Sinclair's Children (Years Ago) Who Suffered With Their Mama Because They Weren't "Legal." But Now That She's Become Countess of Middleton They Can Share in Her Long-Awaited Social Triumph.

WHEN the paunchy pain-racked body of the aged Earl of Middleton finally breathed its last a few weeks ago, few realized that with his passing there ended a 17-year-old attempt to avenge a persistent curse. But even at that sorrowful moment, there began a long-awaited social triumph for a woman despised, scorned by two generations of New York and London society.

She was the wife of the Earl's eldest son and heir, Viscount Dunsford, and she has had to wait for seventeen long and bitter years to attain the social recognition which, by law, must come to her at last.

Her accession to the title of Countess of Middleton and the vast estates in England and Ireland which go with it are a far cry from the back streets, the tenements and the gutter which she was forced to adopt as the sweetheart of George Jay Gould.

Not only was she forced into hiding by her relationship with the wealthy railroad man, but after his death was also the heir to his family scandals and tragedies which brought her to the law courts and made her reveal the illicit companionship she had struggled for years to cover up.

It all began back in 1913, when Guinevere Sinclair came from Dublin, Ireland, to play a feature part in George Edwards' London Gaiety production, "The Girl on the Film." Prominent in the New York first night audience was George Jay Gould.

It was only a week or two when Guinevere left the show and moved from her hotel to a handsome, five-story stone residence on West 74th Street, in New York City, only one door from Riverside Drive and opposite the mansion of Charles M. Schwab, the Steel King.

Her wealthy neighbors had noted for some time that George Gould frequently visited her, riding up in a small foreign car, though his calls were made exclusively in the afternoon.

When people began to talk, Guinevere moved to a secluded estate on Manurewa Island, near Rye, New York.

Guinevere's grandfather had been an important world figure as president of Trinity College, Dublin, and her father, Alexander Sinclair, was an officer in the British Army.

Socially, there was no reason why she should not marry the best Gould that ever lived. But there was another reason—a problem which the "straight-laced" George just couldn't solve.

He already had a wife, the former Edith Kingston, a talented and beautiful actress, who had borne him seven children. He had built her a magnificent home, Georgian Court, at Lakewood, New Jersey, now a convent.

George, who supposed he had inherited all of his father's ability, certainly did possess some of Jay Gould's talent for keeping deals secret. He managed to get away with his complicated double life without the slightest public suspicion until his wife's dramatic and sudden death simplified matters somewhat.

On one morning in November, 1921, George and Edith tied off for a round of golf on the private course which was part of their estate. Edith started with a fine long drive straight down the fairway.

"Perfect!" cried her husband, clapping his hands in admiration. When he turned to Mrs. Gould his hands became paralyzed. She lay, at his feet, dead. Unwittingly, he had applauded at the moment she was dying of heart-failure, the last sound she heard.

Some say that George's affair with Guinevere had broken that heart in which grief had been locked. But if he did know about it, Edith kept the secret and grieved in silence.

But the world was ignorant of the skeleton in the closet until more than six months later, when it was learned that George had secretly married a "Mrs." Guinevere Jeanne Sinclair.

Ordinary persons may marry without any



The Countess of Middleton (Above), Whose New Social Position Is a Far Cry from Those Afternoons When Mr. Gould Would Drive Up to Call Upon "Mrs." Sinclair White the Neighbors Gaped and Gossiped.

to be divided among Jay's other children of legal issue.

When George died he left little more than \$5,000,000, and it was when his will was offered for probate that the mysterious Sinclair children appeared in court and their mother had to tell everything.

On December 17, 1924, their guardian filed birth certificates of the three children, George, Guinevere and Jane Sinclair, stating that they were issue of the late George Jay Gould and entitled to a share in the distribution of their father's estate.

But the trustees of the estate strenuously opposed the admission of the certificates on the contention that these were not the children of George J.

Two days later Mrs. Guinevere Sinclair Gould took the witness stand and answered in a firm voice that she was the mother of the three, but wept silently at the questions that followed.

"Was George Gould their father?" she was asked.

"He was," the answer came.

But it made no difference to the court which ruled that the children were born out of wedlock and were not the legal issue of George Gould within the meaning of the term as employed in the will of Jay Gould.

In any event, Guinevere and her three children did not face starvation. George had

her time with her children. Then one summer she went away to a small resort town on the coast and met Viscount Dunsford.

The name meant little to her; she wasn't interested in people. But Dunsford was interested in her.

He had been married for eight years and his passion had cooled. His wife had given him no heir, an almost fatal mistake in any marriage in the peerage.

So he and Guinevere formed an attachment to each other, mutually sympathetic because they were both the victims of disillusionment. Viscountess Dunsford obtained a divorce and the Viscount and Guinevere were married, in 1925.

The new Viscountess Dunsford was not received at all at first.

Her father-in-law was the Earl of Middleton, who had been a Member of Parliament for years and Secretary of State for War and for India. But even this seemed to make no difference. So Guinevere devoted herself to charities and to the supervision of the 5,000 choice acres of her husband's estates.

Then her haughty father-in-law discovered that she was the granddaughter of his old friend, the president of Trinity College, Dublin, who had honored him with an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

His sympathy was aroused and he finally suggested to his son that he adopt Guinevere's children and give them his family name of Brodrick. This was done and Guinevere heaved a sigh of relief. Her offspring were still young and under the name of Brodrick could forget the persistent curse of the Gould name.

By this time the children knew what the name could do to those who bore it.

Their first cousin, the youthful Prince de Sagan, son of Anna Gould, Duchess de Tullyrand, committed suicide when he fell madly in love with a young woman, in the temperamental fashion of the Goulds. In France, where he lived, he was too young to marry without his parents' consent. When they refused, he shot himself within hearing distance of his mother.

The Prince's mother, George's sister Anna, had added to the family curse when she married the spendthrift Count Beni de Castellani, who ran through her millions without even the courtesy of remaining faithful.

George's brother Howard made an equally disastrous marriage with the actress Katherine Crennon, who had a tremendous enthusiasm for spending money. One of her nearest efforts was to build a reproduction on Long Island of Kilkenny Castle, one of the greatest castles in Ireland.

George's youngest brother, Frank, married a young society woman, Helen Kelly, who informed him shortly after their marriage that she didn't like him and promptly got a divorce.

Frank, a few months later, decided to have another go at the Kellys and married one Edith Kelly, an English vaudeville actress. But Frank couldn't spend money fast enough to suit her and she left him. Frank then married Florence Lacaze, a beautiful Frenchwoman, and marriage was at last kind to him.

Strange to say, George never lost his capacity to be in demand as an unsuitable marriage in his own family, even though he had such unfortunate romances himself.

His seven children by his first wife also suffered from the family curse. Kingston Gould, the eldest son, secretly married Annunziata Lucini, an Italian governess. George disapproved because he did not consider that the marriage came up to the family standard of dignity and wealth.

George Gould, a younger son, married young Laura Carter, a dancing instructor of humble position, and they did not get along very long. He obtained a French divorce, which she protested was unfair to her.

While she was still protesting, George's eyes fell upon the comely Miss Jacques Pelletier, said to be a Paris dressmaker. And there was another annoying Gould marriage.

Whatever the explanation may be, Guinevere and her children believed that the strange and unusual tendencies working in the blood of those who inherited Jay Gould's millions amount to a curse.

It took them 17 years to shake off the hoodoo, and now the titles and estates of the Countess of Middleton may help to smooth away the heartbreaks of a family curse.

OUR WAR DESTINY?

"Everything's Going to Be All Right"

Nostradamus

The Uncanny Old 16th Century Prophet Foretold Practically Everything That Happened Up To and Including Japan's Attack on Us—Now Interpreters Say His Verses Portend Eventual Victory and, by B-R-R-R! "a Vast Withering Frost That Will Presage the Coming of Peace"



The Attack on Pearl Harbor by the Treacherous Japs Was Clearly Foreseen by Nostradamus Who Wrote, "There Will Be a Storming and Attack by Land and Sea to the Orient." But He Also Said That General MacArthur's Lines Would Be Reinforced by Land and Sea—by Bluejackets and Marines.

By CHARLES A. WAGNER.

WE HAVE heard and seen much about the strangely accurate prophecies of the 16th century Doctor Nostradamus, but all of these forecasts have concerned Europe. That the doctor looked across the newly discovered ocean too, and saw vital things ahead for America of our time as well, seems to have been neglected.

At this moment, nothing would please Americans more than getting some good prophetic help in piercing the void of the future, so that we might know what is in store for us. We'd like to see what our all-out effort will bring.

Well, the other day a bookshop owner in Washington was smart enough to dig into one of the Nostradamus books, and translate a line out of it that he figured would catch the eye of the Washington passerby.

It was during the time of the Churchill visit. Over a display of the books he placed a large placard on which was written:

"Le chef de Londres par regne l'Am-
erich..."

Under it he printed his own translation: "There will be a head of London from the Government of America."

—Nostradamus, Century 10, Verse 66.

He sold books. And no wonder. The sentence strikes home, whoever the nominal head of London may be at the moment.

You can say that Nostradamus is just a good guesser or a strange kind of poet, or whatever you wish about him. But he did predict the great fire of London, to the date. And he did forecast and describe Cromwell, Napoleon, Bismarck, Hitler, Franco and Mussolini.

If you examine that line about America, some astonishing things will be found there. In the first-place, remember that when the doctor wrote that, people in France and all over Europe were still reading Vespucci's little tract on the newly found Continent. Spain had just about begun to take over in the New World. America was an empty wilderness.

Another thing. Can't you recall how much talk we had about union with Great Britain to fight the threat of fascism? Everyone knew, long before we entered the war on the side of Britain, that unless the English-speaking peoples got together in this thing, they'd hang separately.

Churchill and Roosevelt met at sea. Churchill came to visit Roosevelt, and went back to London to re-dedicate his nation and his Empire to complete union with the new ally, the United States.

And 400 years ago, a man sitting in his quiet study in a small French town wrote that "a head of London would come from

the Government of America." In other words, he predicted just what has happened. He said that this country would grow so powerful and influential that it would finally have some say about affairs in Great Britain.

The two nations have already coordinated production of war materials and their shipment. Anglo-Saxon federation is very much a reality this morning in all but fact. Presently it will extend to Asiatic points. Churchill said in a recent speech that Roosevelt's principles of democracy will save the world.

Nostradamus wrote about America in other verses, but he did not always use the term "America" as he did in the above line. One must remember that Spain and Portugal were setting out to take over in the new world, when he wrote. So often he brings in Spanish or Portuguese references to the new lands.

He tells of a new nation with Thursday for its holiday (this limits it to our Thanksgiving), and he says that that nation will win increasing "fame, praise and domination in the world."

In this verse he speaks of a triple naval alliance (British, Dutch, U.S.). But the last line of this quatrain is something more than prophetic:

"There will be a storming and attack by land and sea to the Orient." The reference fits the whole picture of the Jap attack and our reply:

De l'aquatic triplicite asatra
T'n qui fere deuil pour sa feste;
Son bruit, loz, regne, sa puissance colatra,
Par terre et mer Orient tempeste.

—Century 1, Verse 60.

"Of the aquatic triplicity shall be born one who shall make Thursday to be his holy day; his fame, praise, kingdom, his power shall increase, a tempest by land and sea to the East."

MacArthur's lines were reinforced, you recall, by both Marines and bluejackets. The land and sea forces were employed simultaneously, as the Nostradamus wording has it.

In another verse, the prophet speaks of America as "the country which was never to be independent," as though he foresaw the combined efforts of the United Nations. At least, no other nation seems to fit the designation so well, when one considers the rest of the verse that goes with it.

He says in this that a vast freezing-over of air and land (great frost) will presage the coming of peace. Then all the powers in conference will do honor to the nation whose holiday is Thursday, the same nation which was never meant to be independent. The

honor will be that this nation will play the dominant part in the peace:

Earth and air shall freeze when they come
To peace at last and that honor for Thursday;
The land that was never to be, never was
More honored in this from all parts of the world.

—Century 10, Verse, 71.

That seems to be quite clear about the coming peace, and readjustment. Now that we're winning the war for ourselves, on paper, a habit we can very easily and very dangerously slide into. But if the Axis is to be defeated (and the prophet very sharply indicates this in later prophecies) then it seems logical to assume that the nation which will have exerted the greatest single effort in that defeat, and admittedly that may be the United States, will be at the head of the peace table.

He emphasizes this first position of the U. S. in the affairs of the world once again, in another verse of the fourth century (each of his ten "centuries" represents 100 verses). He further says that our "promises of justice and democracy for all" having been fulfilled at last, we are to take over the whole kingdom of justice on earth.

He wrote of the "new Government of America" which would top that of London, top all of Europe and eventually the entire old world. And by that one amazing line, he might just as well have foreseen ultimate union with the South American countries as well. For there is nothing in it that rules that possibility out, in its meaning.

Simon Bolivar saw that union too in later centuries, but Bolivar feared it as too great a step to predict. Nostradamus feared nothing. His very rashness was his strength. Cecil Rhodes once said that union with Britain would ultimately take place, but he stirred up so much argument that both the United States and Britain forced him to clarify his meaning—and practically retract what he said.

The prophet of Montpellier, in his preface to the Centuries written as a kind of advice to his son, told his son that he could have been far more specific about names and dates of future happenings, but he pulled most of his prophetic punches, you might say, because he did not wish to hurt the church and empy rulers he was indebted to.

So he deliberately "declared in dark and abstruse sayings" the things he knew would happen. In other words, he covered them up with many meanings. But he did not run out on his own visions of the future by destroying them, as he could easily have done. He told his faithful Chevigny that it might be better if the verses were published after he died. But he saw them published eleven years before he passed away. In 1566,

America, dominant world power after the world wars he foresaw, was ever in his mind. And when we get to the verses describing Geneva, the rise of Hitler (Hitler) and Mussolini and Franco (whom he names correctly) we are startled by the sudden vision of war for "control of the clouds" brought on "because of the Germans" and due to "the shortcomings of Geneva." Yet we find that America will overcome even these shortcomings:

Because of the Germans, they and the nations around them
Will plunge into wars for control of the air.

The armed camp will be besieged by the winged things and the evil troubles of the sea. And all the shortcomings of Geneva will be laid bare!

—Century 5, Quatrain 85.

The prophecies of America's triumphant rise after the wars attests to the prophet's vision of things settled even in spite of "Geneva's shortcomings." But if it is true that nobody took these verses seriously in Germany until Hitler's astrologer (since decapitated, we understand) pointed the Geneva line out to the Fuehrer, it is just as true that our country would have gained valuable years in preparation if we had read and properly interpreted the quatrain which warned about what happened in Vienna:

Alas! The endless aggression of these foreign dictators—
Guard well they do not get into your country;
The dangers of terrible disaster confront all nations
Who do not heed what happened to Vienna!

—Century 8, Quatrain 6.

This says that the "desire of dictators (foreign princes)" is insatiable, and to guard well that they do not try to get into your own lands. The things that happened to Vienna might happen to your country. But there is such a thing as reading things into the lines when it seems most convenient or easiest to do so. Can we say, for example, that Nostradamus meant the "three brothers" in the following lines as Germany, Italy and Japan?

The well-to-do shall suddenly be cast down, the world put in trouble by the three brothers.

—Century 8, Quatrain 17.

The Battle for the Clouds Which Prophet Nostradamus Predicted 400 Years Ago Would Rain Fire From the Sky Extends Now Beyond His Wildest Dreams Over Russia, China, England, Burma, Java, and the Philippines. But as Far as an Invasion of America by Hitler's Hordes, the Seer Definitely Says, "Never."

However, it is less important to see these countries as "brothers" here than to get the meaning of the rest of the line, which states with amazing clarity that there will be a rising up of the common people in all the countries. That is already seen in Russia, in the new government in Britain, in the great advances won by labor as a result of the war, in the increasing demands that labor have more to say in the war's prosecution.

General Franco's position in the war has been strangely uncertain, and Secretary of State Hull has more than once made un-

(Continued on Next Page)



Nostradamus, according to the Interpretations of His Prophecies, foresaw Napoleon and Predicted His Fall—And This Painting by Arthur Kampf Shows the Ragged Remnants of the Emperor's Troops Retreating in Russia, Just as Hitler's Have Been Forced to Do.



An Old Print of the Noted Doctor of the Middle Ages Whose Spare Time Was Devoted to Foretelling the Future and (Right) His Royal Patroness, Catherine de' Medici, Who Was Soothed on the Shaky Throne of France by His Predictions.



Every one will want to be in the great empire. One shall come to obtain it over the others; but his reign of existence shall be for a short time, for two years he can sustain himself by his ships. —Century 10, Quatrain 32.

If you start the two-year count from Germany's declaration of unrestricted sea warfare late in 1941, as Lamont suggests, Hitler & Co. will be doing business only to the end of 1943, according to this interpretation.

Compared with France, both we and Great Britain have been fortunately spared the total softening-up for conquest by the fifth column. But no one can say that Nostradamus did not warn his own beloved France, when he sang of "the machines of flying fire" come to worry the great commander, and that there would be spread such inside sedition that even the conquered will be amazed (at the ease with which the job was done):

The machines of flying fire shall come to trouble the great chief of the besieged; within which shall be such sedition, that the overthrow shall be in despair. —Century 6, Quatrain 34.

This warning of fifth columning and its work can well be used by us, and it isn't too late, in spite of the losses we have already suffered as a result of our innocence about it. It wasn't very long ago that we felt secure in our ocean haven. At that time only a handful of us took seriously all the warnings. Rauching, former President of the Danzig Senate, in his book "The Voice of Destruction" appealed to us, and not with prophecy, but with these cold facts:

HITLER TO RAUCHING: "The United States will be forced by Germany to complete and final overthrow. Our superior industrial products will be sold at very low prices all over the world, and will cause the United States to have not 7,000,000 but 30 to 40 million unemployed. Mr. Roosevelt (Roosevelt) will then beg me on his knees to pur-

chase from the United States not manufactured products but raw materials at prices we will dictate. . . ."

The prophet of Montpellier nowhere indicates invasion, except of England. Does that mean that our mainland will not be bombed? It may only mean that the fire from the sky will be spared us, but there are other means of seizure. That quatrain on sedition above, proves that.

However, if we can interpret the quatrain about the North Country (Russia?) correctly, he says that the efforts of that country shall be tremendous, which they are. He also says that the ports on the ocean shall be opened, and the Kingdom on the Isle shall be restored, but that sails shall at first make London tremble. This may mean an invasion attempt on England after all.

The efforts of the North (Russia) shall be great, the port shall be opened on the ocean; the Kingdom shall be restored on the Isle (or, in Isle), London shall tremble discovered by sails. —Century 2, Quatrain 68.

The end of Hitler, according to Lamont, is foreseen in the death of "the great and old enemy dictator" by poison, after his rule of subjugation of the countless numbers of countries has ended:

The greatest enemy, after subjugating so many nations, Will die of poison in the grief of betrayal; A rain of stones, people holding under shelter. And at his death, his terms of conquest die as well. —Century 2, Quatrain 47.

That this end will come directly and clearly through American forces and lend-lease goods, the prophet intimates in another verse which has been overlooked by most of the translators. After speaking of the combined forces of the two dictators, Nostradamus says that the New Land of the New World will reach a point of highest efficiency (arms and men) and become most powerful, at which time the days are counted for the dictators:

The new land will be in her highest point of power. When the days of the bloodthirsty one shall be numbered. And here is another name

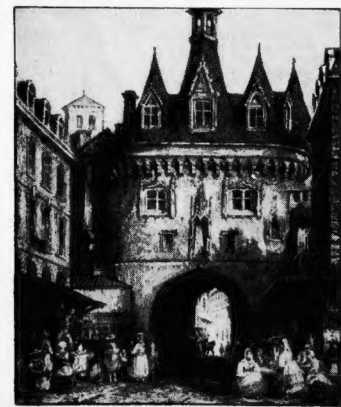
for America—La Terre Neuve (the New Land). More remarkably than any of the other prophecies about our own country does the forcefulness of this one hit home.

It tells us that our production and arms will succeed. And whether we believe the old boy or not, we must admit that he has struck all around the target if he has missed the bull's-eye here and there. None of his shots has gone off into empty air. Especially those that concern us most for the crucial days ahead.

Ben Franklin once said that to a child, 20 shillings and 20 years can hardly ever be spent. But to men who have lived every moment of packed lives, the years bring wisdom. The greatest prophet of medieval times, Nostradamus, attributed his powers to God. Whatever the source of his inspiration was, it remains an undisputed fact that he spoke of the Maginot Line as "the great trench," and said it would be powerless to keep out the enemy. They would come through Belgium.

How he managed to hit off names and dates probably cannot be explained in human terms. But the busy, gifted doctor knew diplomacy and people. He read all the books he could find.

And he wasn't such a bad poet either.



The Old Gate at Aix, France, Through Which Doctor Nostradamus Passed Many Times on His Way to Treat Sick Patients.

successful efforts to probe his position. For obviously it is important to us and to our safety from aggression against a possible blitz from Africa to know whether Franco would directly cooperate in Nazi troop transfer across Spain.

Curiously enough, Nostradamus is rather clear on all this. He says in one verse that "the conference with Franco will break up, and the ambassador will not be satisfied. He will make a break, in fact. Those of the Riviera will be involved, and they will deny the entry to the great gulf."

—Century 8, Quatrain 16.

The direct naming of Franco is rather remarkable. There has been some dispute about the naming of Hitler in the prophecies as Hitler. Stewart Robb says it might mean the Danube River as well as the dictator. But Hitler also served as an anagram for Hitler, and in the anagram games, very popular in the prophet's day, one-letter changes were permitted.

However, Hitler is described in other ways by the prophet, even as America has been. This method of many descriptions may well

have fitted his afore-stated plan of deliberate vagueness, to avoid the harm of directness.

He tells of the rise of a youth from poverty out of the depths of Occidental Europe, this youth by means of his able tongue bewitching hordes of people into mastery. Then he says that by this mastery, his reputation in the Oriental Kingdom (Japan?) will increase:

From the heart of Occidental Europe Will rise a son of poor folk, who By the power of his magic tongue will bewitch great throngs; And his reputation in the Orient (Japan) will increase immensely. —Century 3, Quatrain 55.

The reputation in the Orient, if that means Japan's desperate war on the U. S. backed by Hitler's demands and cunning, has certainly found us more unaware of such matters than the visioning Nostradamus of four centuries ago.

But there seems to be hope in the prophecies too. After all the conquering, Hitler's vast holdings will be comparatively short-lived. Nostradamus says that he can hold the countries he has conquered (by means of shipping) only two years.

HOW HOLLYWOOD LOOKS AT LEGS

An Ace Cameraman Who Makes a Science of the Pleasant Job Says All Pretty Underpinning Falls Into Four Classifications

Helen Seaman, the Smiling Young Movie Actress at the Right, Has the Slightly Short and Stocky Kind of Legs That Hollywood Means When It Says "Petite."

NOT even the anthropologists have gone in for such careful cataloging of the human face and figure as have the busy casting directors of Hollywood. At times these gentlemen have been compared with the slave market auctioneers of other days because of their seemingly cold-blooded way of dealing with the movie capital's ambitious army of experts.

Be that as it may, it is a fact that the powers-that-be in Hollywood know as much about the human physique as a showman, an artist and a doctor rolled into one. It is their business to specialize in such pleasant matters—as the photographs on this page interestingly attest.

Not long ago Gregg Toland, one of Hollywood's ace cameramen, let it be known that he had finally decided that all feminine legs worth looking at fall into four classes.

The astute and observing Mr. Toland calls these four classes: (1) the showgirl leg (2) the debutante leg (3) the chorus girl leg and (4) the petite leg. Showgirl legs are perhaps the rarest sort in Hollywood everywhere else. According to the man who should be an authority on such things, they are both long and graceful, not too heavy, not too slight and pleasingly proportioned from thigh to knee and knee to ankle.

To be specific, such legs, in their round-and-round dimensions, should be pretty close to seven and three-quarters inches at the ankle, 15 inches about the calf and 21 inches at the thigh.

Debutante legs check up about the same, except that they are slightly on the slenderer side and have what the Hollywood experts call an "unprofessional" look. Neither do these legs give the impression of belonging to a strenuously athletic young woman.

The chorus girl leg is somewhat shorter than either the showgirl or the debutante type. An almost perfect example of it is shown in one of the photographs on this page. Any musical comedy director on Broadway would give a good deal to know where he can find a dozen such pairs of legs, which are said to be especially soothing to the spirits of tired business men.

Chorus girl legs scale about seven and one-half inches around the ankle and twelve and a half inches at the calf. Hundreds of young women in Hollywood find a lot of work to do in front of the sound cameras because they are blessed with such eye-filling underpinning.

Legs of the fourth bracket, in the catalogue of cameraman Toland, are the so-called petite, or pouty type. These invariably are integral parts of rather short and small young women and are a little on the stocky side—but not too stocky. A little extra weight or bulk on a petite leg is enough to ban it from the sound stages of the cinema capital.

The best way to find a market for such legs in Hollywood is to have them youthful, lively and educated to dance.

The Photograph Below Shows an Artist Sketching Chorus Girls—and Their Shapely Legs—in One of Hollywood's Biggest Studios.



The Photographs Directly Above Fetchingly Illustrate Two Types of Feminine Legs Which Have Been Carefully Classified by One of Hollywood's Veteran Cameramen. Miss Bettye Avery—the Girl in the Bathing Suit—Has "Debutante" Legs and Mary Elaine—Just to the Left of Miss Avery—Is the Fortunate Possessor of as Pretty a Set of "Chorus Girl" Legs as Can Be Found in the Film Capital.

A College For Students Who Aren't Very Smart

PERHAPS the most unusual school in the United States is Tabor College, which has its campus in the Iowa town from which the institution takes its name.

Boys who graduate from high school with high scholastic honors can't get into Tabor, because it is run exclusively for boys whose report cards are nothing to write home about.

The policy of this unique institution of learning has been established by Dr. Robert Enbwe O'Brian, who used to be president of Morningside College in Sioux City. For a long time Dr. O'Brian has wanted to run a college for what he calls the "lower one-fourth"

—those seemingly somewhat stupid high school pupils who are not particularly welcome on the college campus and who would find it difficult, if not impossible, to pass the entrance examinations.

Tabor hasn't many pupils at the moment and doesn't expect ever to take more than 200 pupils a year. The students, according to Dr. O'Brian, are going to get the "old liberal arts course brought up to date."

They'll study French, Spanish and German, English and mathematics—and the practical arts of typewriting and shorthand. The English will not be strong on the classical side, but will

stress correct spelling and the use of clear, coherent words. The mathematics will be of the sort that will fit the graduate for a job in business or industry.

It is the belief of Dr. O'Brian that many of his pupils will turn out to be smart business men and will eventually work their way up to responsible executive positions because of their solid and practical training, plus the prestige of a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Tabor College recently turned down the nephew of a wealthy business man for no other reason except that the boy was valedictorian of his high school class.

Saw Heaven-And Dropped Dead

THE Maine coast people who make up the congregation of the Methodist Church in Old Orchard Beach believe in living the good life and enjoying the reward for same in some pleasant hereafter. But they never expected that one of their number would make the journey from earth to heaven before their eyes and describe his sensations.

This remarkable phenomenon occurred one evening not long ago when 77-year-old Henry Atwater was delivering a kind of sermon to his fellow parishioners, although he wasn't an ordained minister.

Soon after he began talking, Mr. Atwater began to gaze intently at the ceiling of the little church.

"I see a light," he said. "The light is opening. I see the throne of God.

There are angels on either side of the throne. I hear beautiful music. Jesus is coming down. I am dying."

The old man pronounced these somewhat startling, if simple, words in an even voice, as though he were looking out the window and describing the progress of some ship beyond the breakers rolling on the beach.

He didn't seem to be afraid. He was so absorbed in the vision before his eyes that he appeared to be unaware of his surroundings.

At the end of his talk most of the members of the congregation were on their feet, but much too surprised to do much of anything but listen. They saw the aged man stagger and fall. One of the men rushed out to call a doctor—but Mr. Atwater was beyond the help of medical science. He was dead.



"I See the Throne of God and Angels on Either Side," Said the Old Man and He Collapsed on the Church Floor.

Find Your Way in a Blackout—With Paint



Here's a Home All Painted and Ready for a Blackout—The Luminous Paint Looks Just Like Any Other Paint.

THOMAS STUDIO PHOTOS

By ROBERT D. POTTER, Science Editor, The American Weekly.

DON'T buy a lot of useless gadgets for blackouts, lighting experts advise, because any air raids for so it now seem will be brief hit-and-run affairs and your home won't need elaborate special lighting. Glowing luminescent paint that will be visible for several hours in utter darkness may be the best home defense for blackouts. This is the summary of the best thinking of many illuminating engineers who are trying desperately to find the same answer to the nation's blackout worries.

Many of these worries are unfounded and border on hysteria. What needs to be done is to direct the present hysteria into useful channels and really prepare for American blackouts, say men like D. P. Caverly, illuminating engineer of the Hygrade-Sylvania Corporation. New, glowing paints made from cheap and easily-available American materials can produce all the light in a home which can be tolerated during a blackout.

Applied to the inside of lampshades in a house these white paint pigments store up light energy when the electric lights are turned on. And they will give off this energy for hours after the lights are turned off.

The pictures on this page, some taken right in Engineer Caverly's own home in Salem, Mass., show exactly how well the luminescent paints will perform.

England has often been called the proving ground for America's war effort and this is mostly true. But many people have erroneously believed that New York, Boston and the cities of the West Coast must prepare for the kind of blackouts that have to be enforced in London, Dover and the other cities of the British Isles.

Although the situation may change in the future the necessities of England are not those of America today. England is guarding against enemy planes that are only a half hour away. America will be in a comparable position only if enemy planes are based in Newfoundland or in British Columbia or Mexico.

No one can afford to laugh off the pos-



Inside the Home the Glowing Paint Can Be Applied to the Inside of Lampshades and Will Not Disturb the Appearance of a Room. Yet When the Lights Are Turned Off the Lampshade Continues to Give Off a Faint Light.

the best, present scientific thinking about what the American public sensibly can do to prepare for possible air raid blackouts.

Great airplane factories, munitions plants and other vital factories in our war effort must—of course—blackout their windows permanently and conceal every trace of light that might come from them at night.

That is the only way these great factories can keep up their continuous production of planes and tanks and all the other needs of America and the United Nations.

But for the average American home the brief raids which can now be conceived, an perhaps best be met by turning off the lights and calling it a day.

Some people will say, "That's right. We'll turn off the lights and sit in the dark and listen to the radio."

Except that there will not be any radio programs, for the signals from radio stations form beautiful, invisible guide lines to lead enemy planes to a city. However, the radio will be left on to pick up emergency messages issued through the air corps commands of the various areas.

What most people fail to realize is that a blackout means just what it says, **EVERYTHING MUST BE BLACKED OUT.** Tolerable levels of illumination are so low that the light of the full moon is much brighter by comparison. The permissible light intensity in a room is only about as much as you would have in your backyard by starlight alone. In the dark of the moon.

It is easy to see, therefore, that almost any kind of an electric light you may have in your home is going to be too bright. That is

why lighting experts caution against spending too much money for special blackout lights at the present time.

The pictures on this page, taken under the direction of Mr. Caverly, show what can be accomplished during blackouts with glowing, luminescent paint. He suggests that the inside surfaces of lampshades be painted with this material, which costs not much more per gallon than the best of house paint. He also suggests that the paint be applied to light switches on the wall, to stair treads and railings, to door sills, curbstones, fire hydrants, fire boxes and other essential spots.

The whole idea of the paint is to give important places a faint glow which will reveal their presence, and leave sufficient light to get around the house.

Make no mistake about it; getting around the house is about all anyone is going to be able to do in a blackout anyway. There will be just enough light to avoid falling over chairs and down the stairs.

An air raid for America at present will give little time for reading. The raid will be relatively short, you will be tremendously excited—too excited to read anyway—and that's that.

Americans will find that air raids are not so difficult to bear once they become used to them, says Mr. Caverly. One thing he suggests is that people can have trial blackouts right now in their own houses.

The lighting expert recommends: "In a home without any blackout devices whatever, persons should remain seated for five minutes until their eyes become adapted to the darkness."

"When the lights are turned out an inky blackness will seem to prevail at first. But it is surprising how many objects begin to appear as the eyes adjust themselves to blackout conditions."

"Within a few minutes instead of a jet black room the chairs,

But—Now! In the Blackout the Paint Glows—and Lets You See Where You're Going—But It Doesn't Help the Enemy.

table pictures on the wall, and particularly light-colored articles can be recognized easily. All this can be achieved in "total" darkness.

"With the help of glowing squares of luminescent paint, or the glowing, painted lampshades, any family will find that it can easily get around the house."

Mr. Caverly's sensible advice comes just at the time when there is a rising tide of resentment against the exploitation of the public over air raid and blackout gadgets.

Col. Walter W. Metcalf, acting Regional Director of the Second Civilian Defense Area, recently condemned many of the gadgets, particularly the mentioned "blackout candles," which are sold at high prices when any candle will do just as well.

And Col. Metcalf criticized the exploitation of colored lights as any better than white lights. He did this because higher levels of illumination cannot be tolerated with blue or red lights any more than they can with white lights, as some people seem to think.

Most people have no conception of how dim these lights must be to be tolerated. Once you have seen the faint, tiny glow of a real blackout light you will realize that all questions of color become of minor importance.

Col. Metcalf also rapped at people who buy new material for blackout curtains when old blankets or drapes can do the job equally well when hung properly.

If anyone insists on full light in his house and has blackout curtains, it is necessary to go one step further and rig up "light traps" at doorways as they do in England. Many people with a good set of blackout curtains in their homes right now have never thought of this point.

All these factors add up to the original thought—that the best, cheapest and most simple way to get your OWN HOME through a blackout is to turn off the lights and remain quiet.

The glow of luminescent paint can aid you to move about a bit and it will prevent you from falling down stairs and over the furniture.

And the faint glow will be a friendly thing in the utter blackness that any real blackout must bring.



Even Fire Can Have Luminous Harness and Fire Plugs Be Located by Their Glow, If Blackouts Strike Our Cities.



First You See the Pretty Air Raid Warden with Her Insignia Painted with a Luminescent Substance. Then Comes the Blackout and You Don't See Her. In the Dark Only Her Insignia Is Visible. But You Know Who She Is.

The Unusual Domestic Scene Shown in the Photograph at the Right Was Enacted at the Denver Zoo When "Mrs. Smith," a Coati Mundi From Brazil, Struck Up a Warm Friendship With "Blast Furnace Barney," a North American Raccoon.



THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY HITS THE ZOO

The Keepers of the Denver Zoo Were Afraid That Barney Might Resent Sharing His Meals With the Long-Nosed Visitor From the Jungles of South America—but He Behaved Like a Gentleman and Set an Example in Neighborliness That Some Diplomats and Businessmen Might Well Copy.

HARD-WORKING diplomats who are striving to cement the bonds of understanding between the people of this country and the South American continent would do well to take a tip from the going-on at the Denver zoo—a place where Western Hemisphere friendship is not an idea, but a fact.

The little disciple of continental kinship, from whom the international politicians could take a lesson, is "Blast Furnace Barney," a North American raccoon.

A ring-tailed local boy, Barney is playing host in a big way to Mrs. Smith, a country cousin from Brazil who recently left her home in the jungle to become a citizen of Colorado.

When Mrs. Smith, a somewhat sad-eyed senora, better known among zoologists as a Coati Mundi, arrived in Denver, Zoo Superintendent Clyde E. Hill was worried over her welfare during the bitter Winter months for he was afraid that the sharp change in climate between the tropics

and Colorado might prove fatal. Hill's worries were further increased when Winter set in earlier than usual this year, and caught the zoo unprepared. Work on a heated cage for the brown-eyed Mrs. Smith had not even started when the first snowy blasts began whipping through the park.

The superintendent could have saved himself plenty of worrying if he had reckoned with big-hearted "Blast Furnace" Barney. When zoo keepers hurried to rescue the fair senora on the first cold day they found her perfectly content—cuddled right up against the local boy who hid his warm raccoon coat about her.

And so it has been ever since. The sharp, cold days settled down, and Mrs. Smith remained out-of-doors, quite happily nestled to the widow of old "Blast Furnace," who seemed to get a big kick out of the role of host. Hill, who chuckles at what he calls her "five coonskin coat," abandoned all thought of building a private steam-heated apartment for Mrs. Smith.

When Barney, a confirmed bachelor, first met Mrs. Smith last Fall, he was a bit apprehensive. When she first sidled into his cage, he backed off with a rather puzzled haven't-see-you-some-place-before look—for although Mrs. Smith sports the same type of yellow-black coat that he did, her facial characteristics are considerably different. Barney and the senora are distant cousins and members of the

same big family, but it so happened that the local boy had not been around—and so when this belle from below the border, sporting a white eye mask instead of the usual black, and a Roman instead of a pug nose, moved in on the scene, he was friendly but flustered.

But whatever misgivings Barney might have had at first, they've disappeared, and today the old boy is an ardent disciple of what the diplomats call by the formal phrase—hemispheric solidarity.

Superintendent Hill suspects that "Blast Furnace" would like to take on the job of playing host to a few more long-nosed cousins from down Rio way. There are in this country plenty of people who wouldn't be greatly surprised at "Blast Furnace" Barney's contribution to amity between this country and the republics to the south of us.

CHARITY CARNIVAL TO-DAY!

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KISSING BOOTH

Buy a Kiss for CHARITY

COFFEE & DOUGHNUTS

5¢ BINGO

WHY DO YOU SEE TROUBLE BETWEEN ME AND MY HUSBAND?

BECAUSE YOU NEVER HAVE HIS BREAKFAST READY ON TIME. WHY DON'T YOU SPEED THINGS UP WITH ENRICHED 5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT—IT'S PERFECTLY DIGESTIBLE AFTER ONLY 5 MINUTES COOKING!

REMEMBER, HENRY, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME!

WHAT AN ADORABLE BABY—AND HOW OLD IS OO?

OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE MY FIRST SOLID FOOD—ENRICHED 5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT!

WOW! I DIDN'T KNOW GEORGE WAS SUCH AN IRON MAN!

MUST BE THAT ENRICHED 5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT HE HAS FOR BREAKFAST—THEY SAY IT'S RICH IN ADDED IRON—TO SAY NOTHING OF VITAMIN B₂, CALCIUM AND PHOSPHORUS!

WONDER WHO INVENTED THE HOLE IN THE DOUGHNUT?

OH, PROBABLY SOME FRESH AIR FIEND!

YOU TAKE NO CHANCES WITH CREAM OF WHEAT! STEP THIS WAY FOLKS! 40 DELICIOUS SERVINGS IN A SINGLE PACKAGE—AT LESS THAN A PENNY EACH!

WIN THE DUMMY AND WIN A DOLL OR BOX OF

WHO WEARS THE PANTS IN YOUR FAMILY?

I DO—WITH AN APRON OVER THEM.

5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT

REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT

5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT

REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT

"Enriched 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"

CREAM OF WHEAT

DELICIOUS NUTRITIOUS

Are YOU the Rag Doll When There's a Party?

Here's How to Avoid Awkwardness and to Acquire the Proper Poise on Those Occasions When You Should Look and Act Your Best

By **PHOEBE RADCLIFFE**,
Illustrated by **MARGARET SISBINE**.

MOST girls think they're all set for a gala evening, once they've donned their pet dinner dresses, abbed powder on their noses, given their lips a final touch and tucked that last curl in place. But are they?

Girls, beware! Being well dressed and pretty isn't all there is to it.

How do you carry yourself? The way you stand and sit is just as important as your costume and make-up—perhaps more so. Posture-like actions—speak louder than words.

Every girl wants to be lovely in appearance and assured in manner. If you stand or sit awkwardly, you will look self-conscious. Perfect posture creates an impression of poise, radiance and charm.

You may get yourself into all sorts of ungraceful and even ludicrous positions in the excitement of a lively evening unless your body is trained or unusually well coordinated.

A self-conscious girl is apt to drop her chest and raise her shoulders tensely. In an effort to appear at ease she may stand on one leg, throwing the other hip out. Instead of achieving an air of casual grace, she looks as though she had dislocated her hip. Her body line is broken and ugly.

Feet, unobtrusive when properly stood upon, often betray an unhappy mental state when left to their own devices. Who has not seen a pretty girl sitting at a table with apparent poise—yet her feet are wrapped in misery around the legs of her chair?

Another girl may think she is relaxing gracefully when, really, she's just slumped down in her chair. Her body seems to be in a state of collapse and takes on the most peculiar angles.

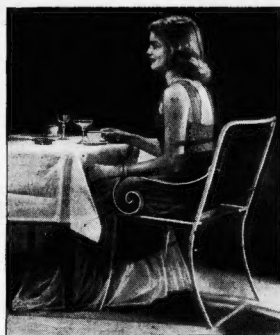
You may start off right in an exciting game played on the floor. But watch out! This game may present unsuspected danger to the girl who always wants to look her best. In her enthusiasm she may slump over, round her shoulders or poke her head forward.

To remain in attractive positions while doing a variety of things is not difficult if good posture is habitual. There are just a few underlying principles which should be understood and practiced. They will safeguard every situation. It is all a matter of line and balance, plus attention to what is fitting and in good taste.

Visualize the body as a series of units—head, chest, hips and legs. Each unit should be directly over the one below, in as straight a line as



The Indoor Sports Fan.
Look at the Attractive Girl on the Left. Then Study the Wrong Way to Sit on the Floor (Right) When Playing Games. Feet, Shoulders and Head Are All Contributors to a Laid-back Pose.



The Clinging Vine.

Just Above You See the Right Way to Sit at the Table. Then Glance to the Right and Note the Ungraceful Feet Clinging to the Chair Legs—and Look, Too, at Those Round Shoulders!



you can manage comfortably.

To accomplish this, try stretching upward with the top of your head toward the ceiling. Once you experience the feeling of straightness and balance—relax. Do not cave in anywhere.

Maintain this position of easy straightness. You can even rest in it. Let the units that support you be directly under you. Your tummy should be pulled in, your back straight, chest high, shoulders hanging free.

Spring up and down on your toes to see if you really are straight, then hold your position, naturally and without strain. In sitting correctly, practically the same principles apply as in standing—the same feeling of easy straightness, of poise and of being self-contained. To accomplish this, start by sitting well back in the chair so that your hips touch its back, then raise your chest and relax your shoulders. Let your head be high and free.

Keep your legs and feet close together and beneath you. It's both restful and good looking. Nothing looks more uncouth than legs straddling out in every direction as though they belonged to someone else.

And be particularly on guard against an awkward, ludicrous posture if it's the kind of party where you sit on the floor and play games.

It's a curious fact that holding yourself correctly, whether sitting or standing, helps to give you that inner poise which is essential to all distinction and charm.

So, girls, be on your guard against the

temptation to slump and straddle, and your good looks will do you credit all evening long. If your dress happens to get torn, or the seams rip, don't grab the hem and strike an unlovely attitude—be calm and dignified about the repair work.

Your posture, too, is almost a dead giveaway of what you think of yourself. That is, unless you are putting on a disguise to fool someone.

Those hunched shoulders, dislocated hips, turned feet—or chasms completely collapsed in a chair—may be assumed as a defense. You may hope they are a camouflage for your scared feeling and fluttering heart, but they really shout right out loud to everyone that you're ill at ease and dreading the thought of being a wallflower or a complete flop at the party.

Of course, if muscles are so weak and flabby that they won't hold their owner in the way she should be held there is only one answer.

That is exercise. Join a class in physical fitness if you want to or do some good straightening out exercises at home. Being sure that you do stand and sit right, depends on making good posture a habit as instilled in your body and mind that you never think of holding yourself any



Lop-Sided Lady.

Above Is the Easier and More Graceful Way to Stand at Ease—Avoid the Hula Hips and Out-of-Line Spine Pictured on the Left. They Aren't Pretty.

way but the right one.

Everyone knows the old trick of walking with a book balanced on the head. It's a good one, too, but try balancing a tennis ball instead. While it nestles firmly against your curls, bounce a second ball against the floor. How long can you keep it up?

If your shoulders really have a tendency to be rounded, it will take a little work to straighten them out. One exercise, developed at the University of Minnesota, does the trick if you stick to it.

With feet bare, because feet are important in this exercise, sit on the floor. Draw your knees up under your chin—well against your chest. Clasp both hands around the knees and keep them there. Now rock your body as far as you can without moving your feet or clasping your hands. The next step is to rock slowly forward, bending neck and back as you do so, until the chin rests between the knees.

Don't do this rocking exercise too many times the first day or two, unless you want a kink in your back—worse than the round shoulders you're trying to get rid of. But gradually a person can work up to a point where rocking back and forth two or three dozen times is no effort at all.

So, girls, be on your guard against the temptation to slump and straddle. Don't let the way you stand or sit disclose the fact that you don't feel quite sure of yourself. Watch your poise and your good looks will do you credit all evening long.



For Repairs.

If Your Dress Should Suffer a Tear, or the Seams Rip, Be Calm and Dignified About the Repair Work (See Above) and Don't Grab the Hem and Assume Such an Unlovely Attitude as the Picture on the Right Illustrates.

COVER GAMES BACK

by Richard Wormser

"YOU packed for shore?" asked Capt. Ray Elliott of lovely Louise Jolyon, guest of Harold Conover, millionaire playboy on his luxury yacht *Carnival Queen*, anchored off Miami. She shook her head. "I'm going along," she said.

This conversation followed Conover's sudden decision to get rid of crew and passengers and take food to the fisherfolk of Port de Vache, tiny French island in the English channel in the war zone.

Conover's drinking, marital rows and escapades were common talk but once he had proved a real man when he had won the love of the people at Port de Vache by deeds of courage and sacrifice during a gale that nearly wiped out the island. For his benefit, Elliott had related this episode to Louise.

And now with the stores aboard, the crew paid off and the other guests gone, he was urging her to leave the boat. Guessing the yacht's mission, she said: "Con and I are the ones to go, sailor. You're not a lush—not a burry—you're a decent guy with a clear eye."

"I get it," said Elliott, "so it's like that for you, too."

It's like that for more people than you'll ever dream of, Ray, she replied.

"Okay," said Elliott. "I'm a sucker but get some warm clothes on and report to the bridge. We're pulling the anchor."

So the *Carnival Queen* without clearance papers, went to sea manned only by Conover, Elliott, the steward, Felipe, who had begged to stay, and Louise. When later, Felipe pulled a knife on Elliott, Louise ran for a pistol. Elliott disarmed the steward. "Anyways, thanks," he said to the girl and saw a light in her eyes he had not seen before.

(And Now Go On With the Story.)

RAY put his instruments back into the case, and smiled at Louise Jolyon as Con took the wheel from her.

Although she hadn't said anything, he felt he ought to justify the Queen. "We've been going at half speed," he said, "to save ourselves and to save fuel. In a race once, Con and I took her out to Bermuda—" he rapped the chart just below their position with his dividers—"in twenty-two hours, three minutes. This time it's taken us two days. But she's shaken down now."

There was no fake interest in Louise's voice. "What does that mean?"

"Oh, you, the new member of the crew, have had experience at the wheel. We couldn't have taught you young full speed. In the twenties, where we've been cruising, it was easy. And Felipe's stowed the deck load. That'll help. And we've had time to go over the Diesel, know just how much care they'll take at full speed."

From the wheel, Con asked: "How about Felipe, skipper?"

"This is the end of our little ride. I've got water and stores in the motor-gig, and we're only about fifteen miles above—"

"They all heavey down the Diesel, a drone that was not the quiet chuckle of the Diesels. A drone that grew and grew—"

Ray pushed the girl aside and grabbed the speaking tube. He blasted a whistle into it for the fourth member of the crew. "Felipe! The four striper jacket and the three striper jacket to the bridge!" He banged down the tube without waiting for the answer, and snatched binoculars from the rack.

She was plain enough in the glasses. A low-wing airplane with—yes—pontoons on her. A flying boat. And by the time his surface trained eyes had picked out the details of the pontoons, the insignia of England—was visible on the underside of the wings.

Felipe tumbled up on the bridge with the captain's and mate's jackets on his arm.

Ray handed the glasses to Louise, and said his own. He buttoned it down tight over the gun he had worn on his hip since their first trouble with Felipe.

"Mr. Conover, put on that three striper jacket. You're the Yacht, Mr. Culture, take off that jacket, and take the wheel. When I ring from the cabin, put on your white jacket, lash the wheel if there's no one on hand to relieve you, and serve drinks in the saloon."

Mentally he went over the saloon. Yeah, okay. No trace of cargo there.

He put a snap into his voice, went on with his orders. "Miss Jolyon, fix yourself up, and stand by to wave to the plane. You're the only passenger up. The owner's below. Resting. So're the rest of the guests."

The coat in place, neat and shipshape, he took the glasses back. Now the plane was large in the defog. You could picture a little black dot detaching itself from the underside, turning over, and becoming a bomb—

Ray turned, racked the glasses. "Stand by the side, Mr. Collins. The steward to take the wheel."

Felipe said: "That plane it is from Bermuda."

"Sure."

"I think I go back with him, Captain. I think I am plenty damn sick of this voyage."

"Tjell, Felipe. You take your orders."

The little man was careful not to indicate any willingness to fight; but his small jaws were firm. "I do not wish to make illegal voyage, Cap'n sir. I do not wish to die."

Ray said: "You signed the log, son. But I'm giving you a break. There's stores and

water in the gig and a month's wages. Soon as the plane clears us, you can follow it to Bermuda."

Felipe said: "You promise me a ticket home."

The plane roar had made it impossible to hear the Diesel now.

Ray had to raise his voice. "You've got your orders, son."

"I want a thousand dollars cash, Cap'n or I—"

The plane circled them, then it shut off its motors, and started to coast in. When all was silent, Ray rang bells to the engine room, then threw the remote control switch to shut off the motor. "That ignorant foreigner might just shoot if we didn't stop. The weather wing, Miss Jolyon. Wave."

Conover had gone down to the side. Ray saw him release a rope ladder, let it go over for a boarding.

The skipper said: "Lash the wheel, Felipe, and get into your mess jacket. You're wheel guard until—"

"I think I leave now," Felipe said.

Ray hit him before he thought. And this was no drunken shove from Conover; this was the animal smack of heavy bones on light ones, the painful collision of skin with skin. Felipe hit the deck while the noise was still in the air.

"Oh, Ray!"

Ray told the girl to shut up. He draped Felipe against the wheel and left him there.

The aviator was coming up the rope ladder. Conover was meeting him.

Ray said: "Do the best you can, sister," and went down to the lower bridge, and from it to the saloon, and waited. Outside, Conover was being Mr. Collins, a dumb yacht mate.

RAY waited to get his breath, then stepped over the coaming.

"What the hell's the idea?" he growled, "stopping an American ship at sea?"

The aviator was a slim young fellow in dungarees and an RAF cap. He blinked.

"This is a Royal Air Force plane, and you are in Bermuda waters and—"

"We've a long way off from Bermuda. What's the name and rank and address of your officer in charge?"

The Englishman pounded the taffrail behind him. "I—I—Damn it all, Captain, this is the *Carnival Queen* or is it not?"

"He's right, Mr. Collins," Ray told Conover. "Make a note of that for the log. Tight. Comin' aboard a yacht without even notice! Her name on the board. What's your name was?"

"McDonald. Is this Conover's *Carnival Queen* or is it not?"

"They train you to board yachts in yer overalls," Ray asked. "You want to talk to me, son, go back to your plane, and put on a proper uniform to approach the master of a yacht in."

McDonald said: "That's easily repaired, Captain." The slightly vacuous air of a well-bred young Englishman dropped away from him. He unzipped his dungarees at the neck and stepped out of them. Underneath he wore a light khaki fatigue uniform, the tunic open. He buttoned this, and stood at attention, and saluted. "Your permission to come aboard, Captain?"

"At's better," Ray said. But he was getting uneasy. This chap was showing more persistence than he had expected. "As you were, Lieutenant."

McDonald said: "I want to talk to your owner, Mr. Conover."

"The commodore and his guests are resting," the skipper said. "I can't disturb them till cocktail time."

Mr. McDonald stayed by the rail. "Very well, I'll wait."

"No, sir." The skipper turned, made a funnel of his hands. "Resume course. Full speed ahead!" he bellowed at the bridge.

He wondered what McDonald would say when there was no answer. To his amaze-

ment, bells rang, and the engines went into action. The yacht moved.

The plane was left behind, its crew staring up, waiting for some signal from McDonald.

The British officer's face turned red. "I'm acting under orders, Captain," he said. "The *Carnival Queen* left Miami under peculiar circumstances. I understand you have provisions enough on board for a regiment. I understand you did not register."

"Nope," Ray said. "We're not on the registry. Why should we be? We're out of the American port, Miami, to another, Southampton."

"South—"

"Long Island, son. Not England."

"Rather far at sea for Long Island, aren't you?"

"Who wants to know?"

McDonald's plane was now far astern. He moved his hands in an expressive gesture. "I—Captain, would you stop your engines a moment? Give me a chance to come up."

He smiled. "She can't taxi this fast." Elliott knew he had won. He smiled. "Now you're talking, son. Ask me anything as a favor, and see what a nice guy I can be. Sure. The bridge? Oh motors?"

A bell rang the wrong signal—but maybe McDonald was no sailor—and the yacht drifted again. McDonald waved his hand over the rail, and the plane motors roared as the flying boat caught up with them. Someone on board her was clever at sea; she dropped to rest cleverly so that the current drifted her into the boarding ladder.

As Conover Held Louise, He Dropped His Right Arm and a Sock Full of Sand Came Out of the Sleeve and He Hit Her. She Was a Dead Weight for a Moment. Then He Lowered Her to the Deck.

"Captain?" McDonald said.

"Yeah?"

"May I ask you a question or two? You understand, I'm a fellow with a job, and I was told to fly out here and make a report. I'm sure you wouldn't want to get me in trouble now."

Ray was trying to play dumb long enough to face this new angle. He glanced at the sky. "I don't get it, soldier," he said. "But c'mon in the saloon an' have a glass of likker."

HE had to play for time now. He had made an effort to treat McDonald as if he had no authority, no precedent. It hadn't worked.

There were no bottles, no glasses, set out in the saloon. He had hoped Louise would have had time to set them out—and Felipe came in. "The captain rang?"

He was next in a white coat, his manner was serene and servile; he had an angry red bruise on one side of his jaw, but it could be a birthmark.

"Scotch, soda, no ice."

"Yes, sir."

Glancing back at McDonald, he saw that Felipe's presence had had its effect. You don't take servants on dark, dangerous voyages.

McDonald glanced around appreciatively, and said: "Corry little ship you run, and smiled."

Felipe returned with a tray. "That's all, steady." He had made his decision. He winked at McDonald, and gestured at Felipe's trim back when the steward was gone, Ray leaned across the table. "Help yourself, soldier. All you want."

"Thanks." McDonald poured himself a little soda.

Ray poured himself a mild drink. "Mac—"

"Yes, Captain?"

"Listen. You look like a good guy. If I tell you what's going on aboard, you'll keep it to yourself, won't you?"

McDonald nodded, gravely.

Ray said: "All right. If the owner pops out, you are an American coast guardman. Get it? The old fool won't know the difference in uniforms."

"Conover?"

"Sure. Moneybags Conover. Sure. I work for him," Ray said, "but I don't have to like the guy, do I?"

A shadow passed the port, as Con patrolled the deck.

"His family's trying to put him in an asylum," Ray said. "For alcoholics. He sat back, his hands wide, a leer on his face. "How do you like that?"

"Oh, judery."

"My orders are to keep him at sea until

they give in. You see, we've let no doctor examine him, so they can't get a certificate his loony until they get him; and the only money they have is what he gives them; he's the only one can sign checks. Get it?"

"Ah!"

Ray stared at McDonald. He was going good. He clinched the first nail. "You get it, Mac? He's passed out at the moment. But if that little steward tells him I let a man aboard who didn't have the authority to stop us, it'll be my neck. Get it?"

McDonald nodded. "Yes, quite. Rather nasty position for you, isn't it? You know what the radio's been saying about your boat, old man?"

Ray said: "No."

"They say you're running blockade. Rushing food to France." McDonald poured himself another drink of soda.

"On a yacht? Well, those landlubbers!"

"Yes," McDonald said. "Ridiculous, isn't it?"

He ran. "I'll go overboard before I get you into trouble. Well, my report goes to intelligence, and they're closer than clams; there'll not be a word leak back to your boss that you talked." He walked to the deck, and put a hand on the rail.

"That's swell, soldier; strong."

McDonald caught hold of the rope. "But, skipper, if you're not going any place, I'd advise you to steer a bit to west; our patrol's likely not to believe my story if you head straight for Europe, eh?"

"Oke, soldier."

The plane had been hauled along, its crew clutching to the ladder. McDonald put one foot on the rail, and saluted airily; he dropped his dungarees over ahead of him.

"I—"

Felipe rushed out of the saloon. "Please, Mr. Englishman. Captain, please!"

Elliott swore, and got his gun out from under his neat yacht jacket. Brass buttons split off the coat and rolled into the scupper; that coat was nearest wanted to be opened that fast. Conover came up quickly and when he saw Ray, he got his own gun out, too.

"Yes," McDonald said. "Yes, seaward?"

"Please, son, you take me with you! Please, son. I am good American citizen, and I am afraid to stay along harbor. These people plenty damn bad people, son, they gonna go fight in Europe, and me, son, I no want go. They gonna turn me adrift, sar, they hit me with guns."

"Oh, you that's why you were so polite in the saloon?" Ray asked. You little rat, Miss Jolyon had a gun on you, huh?"

Felipe didn't answer.

"All right," Ray said. "Both the mate and I have you covered, Mac. Go overboard, get into your plane, and go home. This is an American vessel, and I am pretty damned flying boat aloft and bomb us. We're on a legitimate errand, going from Miami to Long Island Sound."

"Not if what this little fellow says is true."

"You've got a captain's word against a steward's," Ray said. "If you want to start a war on the strength of that, go to it."

McDonald shook his head. "No," he said.

(Continued on Page 14)

The Mystery of the Nameless Lady

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.

Rahway's Half-Century-Old Enigma of the "Unknown Giant" and the Strangely Murdered Beauty

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

JUST as the legend of the Headless Horseman has preserved the name of Sleepy Hollow for over two centuries now, so the otherwise humdrum city of Rahway, New Jersey, will be remembered for the story of the Nameless Lady and the Unknown Giant that came to life fifty-five years ago this week.

But whereas even children have long ago solved with delight the gay mystery in the legend of Sleepy Hollow, the reality in the Rahway story refuses to rest buried in oblivion and still arises in its shroud of mystery to ask grisly questions in spite of time and the world's upheaval.

On the night of March 25, 1887, the vicinity of Jefferson and Central avenues in Rahway was still farmland vainly trying to become known as desirable location for one-family homes. By early morning it became known, but not in the way its owners dreamed. The sons of Freeman Worth, a harness maker, were taking a shortcut to school and had come within a hundred and fifteen feet of the intersection of the two dirt roads so hopefully named "avenues," when they peered through the bushes and saw what looked like a large, shapeless bundle climaxed swathed in various-colored cloths.

Alfred Worth bent forward to examine it but drew back suddenly. The clumsy swaddings were feminine garments twisted about a woman's body in swirls that spoke of a violent struggle.

Thomas ran to call police, his brothers scattered to see what else they could find that would explain what had happened.

Near the body was a woman's hat, small, black, gay in style. There was also a flimsy-looking umbrella.

By the side of Jefferson Avenue, sixty feet away from the body, lay a wicker basket. It was nine eggs, most of them broken. The basket was large, heavy and spoke of the farm, not the kind a girl dressed in city clothes would be carrying.

Near the basket someone had dropped a penknife with a tortoiseshell handle. One of its two blades was open and its three inches of steel were dark with dried blood.

From the direction of the city came voices, then a crowd headed by Sergeant William Conger and Officer Klem Tooker, both of the Rahway Police, and Coroner John Terrill. At every crosswalk men, women and children joined the procession, catching the contagion of a morbid thrill to come.

Before the body Sergeant Conger waved the crowd back.

"Don't come any nearer and don't trample the ground here," he said hopefully. "We have to look for footprints."

But the ground was already trampled.

The dead woman's legs, exposed to the knees, were sturdy and shapely. The stockings were black, there were buttoned garters, the shoes were of kid and English in style. Her dress was green cashmere, she wore a black silk waist with bronze buttons, and near her was her fur cape. The underclothes that showed were of fine flannel and well made. In all, a woman dressed in visiting clothes.

Under the brown kid gloves Conger saw the outlines of rings on her fingers. He took off the gloves and examined the rings. One was gold set with garnets, showing excellent taste and the means wherewith to satisfy it. Another was also gold set with a single diamond, old-fashioned in style, clearly an heirloom. The third was gold-plated, showing the cheap metal beneath. By the side of the other rings it seemed to be the gift of some crude giver who had either little feeling for the woman to whom he gave it, or little taste or money.

Sergeant Conger looked up at the peering faces.

"Does anybody know her?" he asked.



Contemporary Artist's Sketch Made at Ryno's Undertaking Parlor of Rahway's Unknown Lady Whose Brutal Slaying Baffled Investigators.

It was a question that was to be heard often again of the Nameless Girl. The crowd craned to look closer. Someone called, "Let us see her face."

Coroner Terrill tried to turn the woman's head. The night was warm when that head was thrust into the mud, but by morning frost had come. Coroner Terrill gently disengaged it but it was a sight neither useful nor fit for public view.

"You will have a chance to see her later at Ryno's Undertaking Parlor," he announced.

The body was removed there, washed and found to be that of a girl no more than twenty years old. She must have been comely, with light hazel hair, blue eyes, broad strong features attractively modeled. But her face had been gashed with a knife, her throat deeply cut, and her head and the upper part of her body showed the impact of terrific

blows. Yet a medical examination showed that murder was the only person that had dominated the killer at the time of the attack.

While the examination was going on crowds pressed about Ryno's morgue. Other crowds, on bicycles and on foot. When the doors were thrown open they filed past the dead woman who was now humanly recognizable. They looked at the young face with compassion, fear, and some with recognition. The girl seemed about to be no longer nameless.

"It's Mary Laik," a woman screamed.

Another brushed her aside. "No, no. It's Lena Vogt!"

A third called out, "It's not. I know her. It's Annie Sanborn."

Others pressed forward with claims that they recognized her. "It's Mary Gornley." "No, she's Mary Mallory." "It's Miss Moeckel. Call her mother, somebody!"

The Boys Peered Through the Bushes and Froze, Still With Horror. For What First Appeared Only a Shapeless Bundle of Old Clothes Proved the Body of a Beautiful Young Girl.

Each name sent a widening circle of fear among the families and friends of the women named. From all over the countryside people came hurrying, breathless, haggard, hysterical.

And one by one came the living to say that these fears were false.

The mystery became of interest to the big metropolis. New York sent its foremost newspaper reporters to the scene. Police from other cities sent their cleverest detectives. Every farm and household for miles about the scene was visited by police and reporters. Scores of trails were picked up and followed to dead ends.

Suddenly sensation surged up again, George Wright, formerly chief of the Rahway Police, a private detective, was working on the mystery of the Nameless Lady, himself and had come to Milton Creek, a tributary of the Rahway River.

Standing on the bridge that crossed it he looked down and saw something that sent him scrambling to the water. It was an old-fashioned valise of oilcloth, grounded on an islet of mud. It was evidently thrown there from the bridge. On the bridge rail at that point dark stains Wright had not noticed till then proved to be dried blood.

The valise seemed to hold the rest of the story of the Nameless Girl. Among articles of woman's clothing—some of it matched the clothes on the body—was a handkerchief on which was embroidered in silk: "K. M. Noor."

There was also a combination pencil and rubber stamp reading: "Timothy Byrnes."

But what everybody found of greatest interest was a man's nightshirt. The moment it was taken out of the bag and separated from the woman's clothing it intrigued public curiosity.

Then it was unfolded and onlookers gasped.

Cruelly though the shirt was made, it must have approximated the size of the man who had used it. Across the chest it was fully four feet. Its length and sleeves were in proportion. The man who would fill the garment would have to be nearly seven feet tall, with the chest of a gorilla and corresponding limbs and strength.

So terror was added to the mystery of the Nameless Lady. The creature who had vented his ire on the young woman was a giant, and no one could tell who he was and where he next strike.

The Unknown Giant changed the mood of the investigation. Up to then, time seemed to be of secondary importance in the hunt. Now the Unknown Giant must be found before he unleashed the beast in him again.

The hunters added a frenzy of energy to their activities.

"K. M. Noor," the name, presumably, of the hitherto Nameless Girl, was advertised,



The Wicker Egg Basket and Doleful Valise in Which the Giant's Night-shirt Was Found.

published. The question on many lips became, "Who knows such a woman?" Weeks had passed and by the end of the question remained unanswered.

The trail of the name "Timothy Byrnes" seemed hot with promise. There was a Timothy Byrnes, former Atlantic City politician but the calendar of his movements completely cleared him of the slightest relation to the tragedy at Rahway. The Timothy Byrnes who was in any way concerned with the Nameless Girl was some other man, and to this day his identity is a mystery.

The hunt for the Unknown Giant brought out unexpected aspects. He was not hunted by individuals but by mobs. Every man of exceptional size for many miles about the scene of the crime was suspect. Men of giant stature and strength, accustomed all their lives to dominating their fellows, now shrink before the coming of a crowd. They were cornered, questioned, harried and bullied one after another. Those powerful fellows were finally left limp, but declared innocent of the murder of the Nameless Girl. To this day the Unknown Giant is still unknown.

To the pity and terror in the mystery was added a final touch of the fantastic. Sergeant Conger got an inspiration when the basket with the hen eggs was found near the scene of the crime. He took the unbroke eggs to a poultry farm and had them hatched. Perhaps the breed of the bird that laid them was distinctive enough to help lead the hunt to where the eggs were placed in the farm basket.

Intoxicated eyes watched the first chick break out of the shell. The eyes became still more interested. Weeks later the chicks from the unbroke eggs were developed enough to make their contribution to the mystery.

A New York reporter's story described the bizarre product of these eggs as a "remarkable and individual bird, with large feathers on his feet like the wings of Mercury." But it did not lighten the mystery of the Nameless Girl.

She was buried in Rahway Cemetery. Her pallbearers were six New York reporters, several of whom later achieved fame as writers. It was they who paid for the wooden marker over her grave and had "The Nameless Lady" painted on the board. The text of the brief sermon preached by Reverend William Ruth at the burial referred to an ancient counterpart of the Unknown Giant:

"He sitteth in the lurking places of villages; in the secret places does he murder the innocent."

A torrential rain washed the grave marker away. Old maps that told where the Nameless Lady was buried are lost. But her story arises still on the anniversaries of the crime and people still ask who she was and who was the Unknown Giant.



Capt. June Peak of the Texas Rangers whose Relentless Lawmen kept Sam Bass on the Move Back and Forth Across Texas Until He Was Finally Run to Earth, Mortally Wounded, Following the Famous Gun Battle at Round Rock.

Sam met his fate at Round Rock, July the twenty-first. They pierced poor Sam with rifle balls and emptied out his purse. Poor Sam he is a corpse and six foot under clay. And Jackson's in the bushes trying to get away.

—From the old song "Sam Bass."

By FRANK MURPHY,
Noted Playman, Trail Driver and Indian Scout.

CHAPTER X.

Sam Bass and the Big Springs Train Robbery.

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FOR ME, I never cared much what happened to long-haired fellows who set themselves up as gun-fighters. I knew too many of them who were pure fakes. I remember a showdown I had with one of them when I was running a saloon in Camp Crook, Dakota Territory.

A bunch of Texas cowboys had delivered a trail herd and were camped close by on the Little Missouri. As soon as they got paid off they headed for Camp Crook and came trooping into my saloon.

One was a strapping six-footer, a long-haired galoot, with a big black mustache, long enough to wrap around his ears. He was about as hard-looking a customer as I ever saw.

I could see he was hunting trouble. He was talking big and ordering the other cowhands around.

They had a couple of rounds of drinks. Then this big fellow hollered out:

"Hurry 'em up, bartender. This one's on th' house."

That was all right, but I didn't like the way he said it.

I laid my forty-four down on the drain-board below the bar where it would be handy and slipped a derringer in my pocket.

Back of the bar was a big picture, a southern scene that showed a bunch of Negroes out in the middle of a cotton field. It wasn't the kind of picture you usually saw over a bar and I noticed this fellow was gazing at it as I set out the bottle.

"Purty pitcher yuh got there, Sonny."

Well, the way he said it riled me, but I didn't want to start anything.

I walked around the end of the bar to the table where the cowboys were sitting. The long-haired fellow was leaning back twisting a finger through his mustache.

"Know what I'm gonna do?" he said. "Shoot a hole through that purty pitcher o' yours, Shorty."

I was pretty hot-tempered when I was a young fellow. I wasn't very big, but like others have said, Old Man Colt made everybody the same size in a gun-fight.

"No, yuh don't," I told him as I set the bottle down.

"What'll yuh do about it, Shorty?"

"Shoot an' yuh'll see, yuh long-haired —"

That was fight talk when you didn't smile, and



Sam Bass, Greatest of the Texas Train Robbers, Hung Up One of the Blackest Records For Banditry in All Our Frontier History. (From Rose Collection.)

I didn't smile. I figured there'd be gun-play. I was ready for it. The other hands began moving back from the table. I thought the big fellow was going to blow up. He jumped up and began sputtering.

"Ain't no man kin call me that an' live."

I kept watching for him to make a move for his pistols. Instead he kept backing toward the door.

When he got outside he hollered at me:

"Yuh come out here now an' apologize for that—or I'll have to kill yuh."

I knew I'd called his hand. I walked outside. "Now yuh take that back and go in there an' tell them boys I made yuh back down."

I laughed at him.

"What I said goes double, yuh long-haired —, now git on your way."

The last I saw of the four-flusher he was beating it for camp on his horse.

When I went back inside the cowboys were splitting their sides.

"We jus' been waitin' for somebody to call that feller," they said. "He's been bully-raggin' th' whole pack of us ever since we left Texas. Reckon he ain't as bad as he looks."

Another time I pretty near got shot for a train robber and a good one, too—Sam, Bass and his gang.

That was in '77. I'd come north that year with a trail herd over the old Texas Trail, crossing the Red River at Doane's Store and going on to Dodge over the Jones and Plummer Trail. After the cattle were sold I got a job with another herd that went on north to the Republican River in Nebraska.

When the job was over I headed south again with Ike Berry, another cowboy. We rode into Buffalo Springs on the Smoky Hill River one forenoon, tied our horses and went into a little eating-house to get dinner.

A couple other fellows were sitting at the counter when we walked in. They looked like Texas cowpunchers. We all wore bandanas knotted around our necks with the fold in front. That was so you could pull it up over your nose to keep out some of the dust from the trail herds. Every trail driver wore one.

The four of us were all dressed the same way that day. We had just started to eat when the proprietor got talkative.

"Yuh fellers hear about th' big train robbery?"

He didn't wait for an answer.

"Bunch o' outlaws held up th' Union Pacific at Big Springs. Shot one feller an' got away clean with more'n sixty thousand dollars in gold."

He set out another plate of beans.

"Ten thousand dollars reward out for 'em, dead or alive. Country's full o' troopers an'

RIDIN' TRAIL BACK to the OLD WILD WEST

True Rip-Roaring Tales Told From Memory by One of the Last Survivors of the Trail-Blazing Era, When Bad Men, Worse Indians, Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and Settlers Wrote the History of Our Plains in Blood and Punctuated It With Bullets



A Cowboy Horse Race On the Plains. Huge Sums Were Bet On the Favorites. Slickers Like Sam Bass Cleaned Up at This Sport.



"The Outlaws' Last Stand," by J. Smith. The Life of the Western Badmen Was Usually a Short and Violent One. It Was Easy Come and Easy Go with the Loot from Stage and Train Robberies, Then a Final Back to Back Stand When the Sheriff's Posse Closed in For the Kill. Most of Them Preferred to Die with Their Boots On Rather Than Wait for the Rope That Hung from Every Vigilante's Saddle.

sheriffs lookin' for 'em. Say, yuh fellers from Texas, ain't yuh?"

"Yes," I told him. "we're cowhands hittin' th' trail home for th' winter."

"Well, now say, yuh fellers better be careful. They say this train-robbin' bunch was dressed up like Texas cowboys with them handkerchiefs around their necks jus' like yuh fellers."

I looked at Ike and he took a squint at my throat-piece. We knew we hadn't been holding up any trains, but we might look like train robbers.

"Th' fellers they're lookin' for are ridin' horses an' leadin' another one, a pack-animal."

That fit our outfit to a T.

The man didn't give any of us a chance to get a word in, but the two fellows eating with us got through in a hurry and hustled out to the hitching rack. They were leading a pack-horse, too. They swung into the saddle and started out.

Ike and I were just scooping up the last spoonful of grub about a minute later when it sounded like the Battle of Bull Run had started outside. We grabbed our six-shooters and ran for the

door. By the time we hit the street the shooting was all over. Our two dinner companions were stretched out in the roadway, full of lead. Deputies and cavalymen from Fort Hays came running up from all sides.

"Knew we had 'em soon's they climbed the horses," the Hays sheriff said. "Been trailin' 'em all th' way from th' Republican."

Ike and I had to convince the posse we weren't train robbers, which we did all right, but I probably wouldn't be telling this story today if we been the first pair of cowboys to walk out of that eating-house that day.

The two outlaws were Joel Collins and B. Heffridge. The officers found about twenty thousand dollars tied up in a roll of blankets on the pack-horse. That was their share of the spoil. About all they got with it was the dinner they ate with us.

SAM BASS, who'd engineered the holdup, was a Texas cowboy who came north with a trail herd in '76, the same year I made my first trip ov



"When the Train Came to a Stop, Two of Sam Bass' Outlaws Covered the Engineer and Fireman While the Rest Got Quickly to Work. Out of the Express Car They Lugged Boxes Containing Sixty Thousand Dollars in Gold. Then They Stripped the Passengers of All the Money They Could Find and Got a Couple Thousand Dollars That Way. When the Job Was Finished the Train Robbers Vanished Down the Right-of-Way to Where Their Horses Were Hidden and in a Few Hours Were Safely Holed Up in a Hideout Miles Away."

an express messenger's gun on one job. The stage robbers talked it over.

"Reckon we'll have to go after bigger game," Davis said. "Th' big money's goin' east by train. I held up a train at Verdi, Nevada. It's easier'n robbin' a stage. No horses to run away."

Davis' gang got more than forty thousand dollars in that Nevada holdup but he probably didn't tell his new confederates he didn't have it long enough to enjoy it.

A posse tracked down part of the gang. They squealed and Davis was arrested in Virginia City. He spent four years in the pen and headed for Deadwood as soon as he got out.

The outlaws fell right in with the Davis plan. They decided to pull the job at Big Springs, a whistle stop about twenty miles west of Ogallala.

The next night the station-agent at Big Springs looked up from his telegraph key right into a pair of forty-eyes.

"Pull out them wires an' be quick about it," The outlaw had his handkerchief pulled up to the bridge of his nose. Just his eyes showed under the brim of his hat. "Now git out there with that red lantern an' flag down th' express."

A few minutes later the train's headlight showed up around a bend. With the guns of six desperadoes trained on him from the shadows to cover any false move, the station-agent got in the middle of the track and started swinging the red light.

The engineer whistled to set the brakes. The express ground to a stop.

Two of the outlaws leaped into the cab and covered the engineer and fireman. Another one collared the conductor when he jumped off the train to see why they'd been stopped.

Out of the express car they lugged boxes containing sixty thousand dollars. Then they went through the train, stripping the passengers of all the money they could find. They got a couple thousand dollars more.

Just to keep their victims in line—and their hands higher—the outlaws fired a few shots. A passenger was hit but wasn't killed.

When the job was finished, the train robbers vanished into the darkness along the right-of-way. They had their horses tied in a clump of trees. By morning they were safely hidden in a hideout miles away.

A RAILROAD detective picked up their trail near Big Springs. He tracked the outlaws for several days before he caught up with them one night.

They had rolled up in their blankets, but the detective managed to crawl close enough to hear

them talking. The six were getting ready to split up in three pairs.

"Less chance o' gettin' caught if we ain't all ridin' together," he heard Collins say.

"Then we'll cut up th' haul now," Davis put in. "That's ten thousand apiece with a little spare change for travelin' money."

From his hiding place in a handy buffalo wallow the detective watched the robbers count out the shiny gold pieces in three big piles.

The next morning the gang struck out in different directions. Bass and Davis headed southwest, Berry and "Old Dad" started east. Collins and Heffridge went due south.

The detective couldn't follow all of them, so he hit the trail after Collins and Heffridge. He sounded an alarm at the first telegraph station he found. The Hays sheriff and a posse of soldiers from Fort Hays soon picked up the trail with him.

They came to the end of it that day in Buffalo Springs when Collins and Heffridge walked out of the eating-house about ten steps ahead of Ike Berry and me.

I've been a slow eater ever since. That was one time it paid not to be in a hurry.

After the officers decided we weren't outlaws Ike and I headed on south. The country was still full of men looking for the rest of the Bass gang but we made it into Dodge and from there down the trail to Texas without any trouble.

Not long after that the law caught up with Jim Berry back at his home town in Missouri. He was too prosperous for his own good. Officers got on his trail and shot him when he tried to escape.

"Old Dad" was the only one of the Big Springs robbers who got away. I never knew what happened to him.

Bass and Davis played pretty smart for awhile. They knew their outfit, two horses and a pack animal carrying their stolen gold, was a dead give-away.

The next day after they left the others they eucked an old Kansas sod-buster out of a team of horses and a buckboard wagon. They put their sacks of gold in the bottom of the buckboard and covered them with their blankets.

They pulled off their knotted handkerchiefs and got a couple of old straw hats like the farmers wore. Of course, they met a lot of travelers as they worked their way across western Kansas, but they were good actors.

"Mighty miserable country out this way, mister," they would say whenever anybody stopped them.

"What's th' trouble? You fellers look kinda down at th' mouth."

"Oh, mister, we been a-starvin' t' death, bustin' sod an' tryin' to make a livin' out here. We're plum whipped out. We're a-headin' for home back in th' Ozarks."

Well sir, that farmer act got them through. Several times members of the posse chasing them ran across Bass and Davis plodding along with their heads down.

"Seen anything of a couple of fellers leadin' a pack-horse?" they were asked.

"Oh, I can't jes remember that we have," Bass would drawl. "What do yuh want 'em for anyway?"

"They're train robbers, headin' for Texas."

"No, reckon we ain't seen nobody like that."

They kept up that disguise until they were safely out of the range of search.

THE gold Sam Bass packed back to Texas had too big a curse on it to let him have any peace.

He and Jack Davis split up their twenty thousand dollars share of the loot and separated.

Davis managed to stay above ground for a couple years, until he went back to the scene of his earlier banditry in Nevada. He was killed trying to hold up another stagecoach.

Sam headed for his old haunts up in the northwest corner of Denton County.

That was wild country, full of deep ravines, caves and heavy brush. Bass knew every foot of it. He hid his telltale double eagles around in some of the caverns. He was safe in his wilderness hide-out. Nobody could find his gold.

But he was restless. After a few days in hiding he began hunting up some of his old friends, fellows like Henry Underwood and Frank Jackson. They could be trusted.

"Yuh fellers are plum crazy workin' for a livin'," Sam told them. "We got sixty thousand in the Big Springs train robbery. Look at this." He pulled a handful of gold pieces out of his pocket. "Let's hold up another one."

The others didn't take much coaxing. That handful of doubloons looked like easy money.

"Better tackle a stagecoach first, 'til yuh boys git on t' ropes," Sam told them. "I'll show yuh how we did it up in th' Black Hills."

A few nights later a stage was stopped on a lonely stretch of road west of Fort Worth. But the outlaws didn't get enough to buy horse feed.

A couple weeks later they dropped their guns on another stage driver and ordered him to come

(Continued on Page 16)



the Chisholm Trail. He had been a pretty wild scamp around Denton, Texas, slicking a lot of people at horse-racing with a pretty fair quarter horse he picked up.

He tied in with Joel Collins when his horse played out and the two of them put up a trail herd of several hundred head to drive north. After they sold out they decided to go on north to Deadwood, where the Black Hills gold rush was just starting to boom.

Well, the Texas boys soon found out that old-time gamblers like Bedrock Tom and California Jack, who taught me to deal faro, knew a lot of tricks of the card game. Before Spring they were busted.

That Winter they got pretty chummy with Jack Davis, a Nevada stagecoach and train robber. Maybe it was Davis' idea, but anyway, that Spring Davis, Collins and Bass had a full-fledged road-agents' gang organized. Besides these three there were Heffridge, Frank Towle, Jim Berry and a fellow everybody called "Old Dad."

They waylaid a few stages between Deadwood and Fort Pierre, but never got more than eating money. Somehow they missed catching the ones with the big gold shipments on them.

Towle was killed by a load of buckshot from

AMERICA'S MINUTEWOMEN OF 1942



The Photographs at the Right and Left Show Some of the Country's Sharpshooting Minutewomen Demonstrating That the Hand That Rocks the Cradle Can Also Pull the Trigger.



to water, and many of them already are good enough to give

fabled Annie Oakley a run for her money. The pictures on this page were taken at the Markitan School of Firearm and show these minute women of '42 as they learn how to use a rifle with

the greatest effect in repelling any foolish enough to invade their shores. In the photograph at the upper left, the pretty young marksman is bent on slapping a slug

right into the bull's eye of the target under the competent direction of her instructor. After a few lessons she'll be shooting "solo," as the girls directly above are doing, strictly on their own.

In the smallest picture, the girls are learning how their guns are constructed and what makes them shoot, so that they will treat these weapons with the respect they deserve.

THE PICTURE STORY OF AMERICA. IN A DAY NEW RUG!

Most original and timely rug ever designed...fascinating, instructive... it is a panorama of the epic of America in delightful pictures, glorious colors.

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JUST THE THING FOR BOYS' AND GIRLS' ROOMS—OR TO ADD CHARM TO ANY ROOM IN YOUR HOME

It's rich with the symbols of the things that have helped to make our nation what it is—from powder horn and musket to covered wagon and clipper ship to the coming of the airplane! Grownups and youngsters alike will thrill to this pictorial saga of our country. No home complete without one.

Beautifully designed in rich hooked-rug colors, the new "Americana" Rug in genuine Gold Seal Congoelum makes a charming addition to any room, to any color scheme.

Because it's genuine Gold Seal Congoelum-DeLuxe you can be sure it will give you unusually good wear. In fact, the wearing layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel is actually equal in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint, applied by hand! Smooth, extra easy to clean, too!

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Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of the "Americana" Booklet at the earliest possible moment

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STREET _____
CITY OR TOWN _____
STATE _____

ON DISPLAY TOMORROW AT YOUR NEAREST CONGOLEUM DEALER... DON'T MISS THE THRILL OF SEEING IT!...

THE American woman has always taken her place beside the American man every time the going got tough. When wagon wheels were rumbling overland to open up the West, the pioneer woman was right there with her rifle, popping off Indians when it became necessary and sharing all the hardships—and they were many—of the menfolk who broke trail to the lands beyond the sunset. The American woman of today is no different in spirit from her pioneer predecessor. Probably she smokes, tints her fingernails or even bonnets and is fond of the luxury of silk undies, wussy stockings and such-like feminine

stuff. But when the chips run out she's right there—as was the woman of frontier days—with plenty of what it takes. Everywhere today women are doing their bit for Uncle Sam's war effort in hundreds of ways. Most of these ways are those of the non-combatant (if there's any such thing in modern war) but some of the ladies are not content with this. They want to be in on the shooting, if and when it reaches American soil. Take the National Security Women's Corps for instance. Members of this organization are going in for marksmanship in a big way. The girls are taking to the rifle like the proverbial ducks



The Members of the National Security Women's Corps Learn All There Is to Know About the Guns They Shoot.

Divorced His Wife and Got His "Maiden Name" Back

AFTER 10 long years, U. Sherman Avery has his "maiden name" back. Under an order of the Circuit Court at Mobile, Alabama, he is Mr. Avery again after a decade of going around as "Sherman Ellis" because he'd married Emma R. Ellis who insisted he take her name.

"I've been on this bench 25 years, and I thought I'd heard everything but—," said Presiding Judge Claude A. Grayson. Mrs. Ellis, filing a bill for divorce, said she was married in 1912 at her home in Fairhope, Alabama, and that she and Ellis, now Avery, had moved to Mobile in 1933. They lived together until the Fourth of July, 1938, when Mr. Ellis declared his independence and "made her leave" and return to Fairhope, the complaint set forth.

The husband, it was asserted, promised to make provisions for the wife's support, but none was forthcoming, so she'd been forced to go on State relief. Mr. Ellis said he'd been misled "as to her status in life" and, after a matrimonial bureau courtship, was "fraughtfully induced to enter into a marital status." Mr. Ellis' lawyer wrote "marital" as "marital," and it maybe he meant it that way, for he added that she was a nagging, irritable, complaining and fault-finding wife.

The respondent alleged that "Emma Ellis represented herself to be a wealthy widow with hunting dogs, but after the marriage he learned she was virtually without property and the dogs did not know how to hunt." He said she had "sought to marry him through a matrimonial agency."

So he asked the court to be allowed to resume his correct name of Avery and relieved of providing further for Mrs. Ellis. Judge Grayson overruled the request and the case went to trial before him.

"Why," said Ellis, as he presented his case, "she described her house as vine-covered, and the only thing that covered it was a mortgage."

Mrs. Ellis countered by saying that the only "support" Mr. Ellis ever sent her was a Christmas package. It cost 50 cents to express, and contained "a scrub brush you can buy in any dime store for four cents, a bar of soap and a box of grits."

"And he knew I didn't like grits," lamented Mrs. Ellis. Judge Grayson took a long look at the white-haired, grim wife, and the little, sixtish husband. Then he signed an order allowing the wife \$20 per month, and gave U. Sherman Avery back his maiden name.

Both sides seemed satisfied with the verdict.

This Becoming
Set of "Gems"
Won't Steal
Anything From
Uncle Sam's
War Production
Because the
Bangles Are
Made of Barley.



The far-sighted makers of feminine ornaments had heard of the word morale as applied to wartime so they had a large stock of non-defense materials on hand from which they could readily fabricate bangles as beautiful as those made from the materials that will beat Hitler and the Japs.

WHEN the long shadow of priorities fell across the costume jewelry business, the gentlemen who make bangles that frame the beauty of American women not only proved themselves patriotic in relinquishing materials needed for tanks and guns but they didn't let their customers down, either.

To prove that this is no exaggeration, the pictures on this page were made and they prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that American women can still keep up their own spirits and those of the boys in uniform by looking their world-beating best.



The Red-White-and-Blue Ger-Gawa Ornament-izing the Smiling Young Woman at the Left Are Extra-Patriotic Because They Are Made Not of Metal But of Wood.

How to Marry Daughters Off

THERE'S no trick at all to getting daughters married says Mr. Thomas P. Britton of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, whose three daughters were wed in six weeks' time.

Mr. Britton followed simple rules. He filled up the family refrigerator with good food and went upstairs to bed.

"After you've stocked the refrigerator with food" is how Mr.

Britton puts it, "you tell the company there are two rules they must follow. They must not violate the Ten Commandments, nor must they burn the house down. After that you go up to your room, lock the door and sleep on your good ear."

Early this year, the Britton's second daughter, Mary Alice, 22, started the matrimonial ball rolling with Stanley Keyes. Not long afterwards, Marjorie Agnes, 21, married Sergeant Otto Fleming, and less than three weeks after that their eldest daughter, Edith M., 24, met John Y. Blazek, an attorney, before the altar.

Now Mr. Britton reveals why he hasn't been at all backward in making his matrimonial formula public.

"I want other girls' parents to take my advice," he said, "just so I can get rid of my three sons. Then maybe I can have a little more of my wife's attention."

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER
First thought of millions at first warning misery of cold's aches and pains. Other economical St. Joseph's—38 tablets, 20¢—100 for 35¢.

ST. JOSEPH'S
GENUINE PURE
ASPIRIN



even in wartime. In the large photograph at the upper left, the young woman is looking her prettiest in "gems" that won't touch anything that Uncle Sam needs to keep his

boys supplied with all the arms they need. The "gems" that look so permanent and effective can even be eaten for they are concocted of barley. And they come in fashionable Spring colors

JEWELRY THAT HELPS WIN THE WAR

Neither Precious Metal Nor Rubber Went Into the Making of This Wartime Necklace With Matching Earrings. The Decorations Are Made of Plastic.

High honors also go to the wartime necklace, with earrings to match, in the picture to the right of the barley creation for it uses nothing vitally needed for defense. The ingenious designers worked their magic on a handful of plastic material.

"V-for-Victory" takes on a dual meaning when it's in the stars as to speak—as it is in the gift—as a creation that enhances the V-neckline dress at the extreme right. It might be thought to here the designers just had to stop to using some metal to get their shimmering effect but such is not the case. More est-tube magic is the answer. Plastics again made the grade and beautifully.

The Government Claims No Priorities on the Materials in the Stars Necklace at the Right. It, Too, Is Fashioned From Plastics.



thing to wear with a comfortable wooden dress. A bit of "jewelry" the designer came into his own, for the brightly colored beads—be it or not—are made of wood.

FREE! \$25,000 CASH

\$1,000.00

EACH DAY FOR 25 DAYS

A New Contest - A New Chance to Win \$1,000.00 cash

Every Week day for 5 Weeks

MARCH 30 TO MAY

(Except Saturdays and Sundays)

So Easy A Child Might Win Just Finish this Nursery Rhyme:

**"I Like Old Dutch Cleanser"
Said A Housewife named Knight
"It's so safe and so fast"**

(See how entry blank below)

★★★★★

HOW TO WIN \$1,000.00 CASH

Purpose of Contest:—To induce you to try this Faster, Safer Cleaning Way

Think of the thrill of getting \$1,000.00 CASH to spend as you please—due to buy defense bonds, help pay for a home, educate your children or provide "retirement income" for you or your family, \$1,000.00 CASH—to use as you wish!

\$1,000.00 a day given away! 25 daily contests in all—a \$1,000.00 bill given free each and every day for five weeks (except Saturdays and Sundays)—\$25,000.00 CASH in all!

And just for finishing a "nursery rhyme"—the simplest kind of rhyme—so easy a child might do it! All you do is write a last line to the jingle above. It's fun—and it won't take 5 minutes of your time. (See examples at right).

What's more, new, improved Old Dutch gives you so many advantages, it's easy to write dozens of "last lines" about it. Even if you've used Old Dutch

before—no matter what cleanser you've used—the instant you try new, improved Old Dutch you'll see these surprising things:

(1) **Dissolves grease** like magic—ends hard scouring and scrubbing—due to a scientific grease-dissolving agent. (2) **Cleans 50% faster** than the famous Old Dutch so popular before—cuts cleaning time in half. (3) **Is safety itself** for porcelain, metal, painted surfaces. DOESN'T SCRATCH like ordinary sandle cleansers because made with gentle Solisomits. (4) **Economical**, too—goes so much farther than many harsh, gritty cleansers, it costs no more to use!

So enter now—enter as many times as you wish. Remember, a crisp, new \$1,000.00 bill will be given away each and every day for 25 days—\$25,000.00, all Start now. There are 25 daily contests—each day a new chance to win \$1,000.00 cash.

Ask for Old Dutch at your dealer's and get busy right away on your first entry. Mail free entry blank today.

READ THESE SAMPLE LAST LINES AND TIPS ON WINNING!



TO win \$1,000.00 cash, first read the "nursery rhyme" 2 or 3 times, to get the simple rhythm. Then get down all the words you can think of that rhyme with "Knight." Words like "right," "write," "unite," etc.

Then use one of these words that rhyme with "Knight" for the last word in your last line. For example, "All its praises I'll write," "Or maybe, "And gives grease such a fright,"

Of course, these are just examples. When you've put down your list of rhyming words—and seen how marvelous the new, improved Old Dutch really is, you'll probably have several last lines **one may win you \$1,000.00 Cash.**



The important thing is, get busy right away. Above all, don't fail to send in all your last lines. You can enter as often as you like—and the very one you think isn't good enough may be a prize winner! Send your first entry now—and you may be \$1,000.00 richer in just a few days!

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Here is my entry and mail pictures from 2 cans of Old Dutch Cleanser (or facsimiles)

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It is every wife's right to know certain facts. Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well-being may lie at stake. She cannot go by what others tell; she must know for herself. For every little trouble of the body, every woman who is not getting over-growing solutions of acids for the disease which can actually be cured, and even deplete delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given woman a safe, yet amazingly powerful—liquid for the disease, Zonite. So powerful is Zonite, it kills instantly all germs and bacteria with which comes in contact. Devoid of any irritating or destroying action, leaving no irritative color of its own. Protects personal distinction. Yet Zonite is innocuous, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissue. Over 10,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern hygiene protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your drug store today.

Free Book Tells Intimate Facts
Get fascinatingly written booklet "Feminine Hygiene Today" mailed FREE, in plain wrapper. Write: Zonite Dept. 5450, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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At the Ball of the Foot

Don't suffer! If you have painful calluses, cramps, burning or tenderness at the ball of your foot, Dr. Scholl's LUPAD will give you quick, genuine relief. Like walking on air—that's how fresh when you slip the LUPAD right into the ball of your foot. Makes hard corns melt away. Tends to prevent new corns from coming. LUPAD is made of soft, non-irritating material. Only 35¢ per pair. If your dealer isn't stocked, write to order for free literature. On card \$1 to us, with name and address of shoe store. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

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If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestine—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile. Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help eliminate. Get a box TODAY! 35¢, 80¢, 60¢. All druggists.

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

(Continued from Page 18)

would rather be in a prison camp there than on the Continent."

"I'm not going with him Harold," she said.

The clock and ten-thirty. Con struck five bells, and in the house, Ray struck five bells on the anchor bell.

"Why not?" Con asked.

"Because I love you."

He said: "Ah-hhh—" letting his breath out sharply. He said: "Louise, I've been gently, and said: "For which, darling, thanks. For which—" He laughed. "You planned on being the fourth Mrs. Conover?"

"Don't talk rough," she said.

"Ray can take care of himself. Why, he'll be in England two days, and they'll let him out of prison and give him a job. But you'll make a stunt like this, and get ashore, and in twenty-four hours, you'll be drinking again."

"Gonna reform me, kid?"

She said: "If you'd ever had a woman with guts, you wouldn't need reforming. Con. You got your own." Her eyes blazed. "I'm going on with you, Con. I know a good thing when I see it."

Con said: "I've been a good thing all my life, but not the way you mean it. So—"

So you need my help to get Ray overboard," she said. So don't get fresh with Mike Jadewicz's girl."

He started to say something, and said something else instead.

"I know when I'm licked. Go get a bottle of rum out of the locker, and bring it up. It's going to take something to sock your best friend over the head and turn him loose in the Channel."

She said: "Sure. Any time. Any time from now on, pal, that you need a drink, you ask Louise and she'll mix it for you. Because a drink will never do you any harm, never again."

She stepped into the wheel, and kissed him, and it was the kind of kiss his mother would have given him if she'd lived. And then he was alone on the bridge, and he felt a million miles tall. She loved Ray, but she thought that Harold Conover was man enough for her to give up her love, and save. She had become a woman, instead of what she was when he met her, and no matter what happened now—

THE GIRL was back at five minutes of eleven. She carried a bottle and two glasses. Little, pure stout crystal glasses. She said: "Here's to us," and set the bottle on the deck. She sat down next to it, her feet crossed under her, with the grace of a girl who has been dancing since she was fourteen. She poured two little fingers of the dark rum, and rose with one in each hand.

Con held the jugger in his right hand, she wheeled in his left. "Here's to us, kid, no matter what comes up next. We've had too many winning tickets so far."

She nodded, and they drained their glasses. The drink tasted as no drink had tasted to Harold Conover in many a year; it was liquid fire in his blood, and clean in his mouth, and a drumming in his heart.

He swung his arm wide, and threw the glass overboard. The girl half-smiled, and dropped hers over too.

Conover reached over his head and struck six bells. Forward, Ray answered the bells, then started for the bridge.

Land was clear on the starboard beam now.

Con said: "A kiss to seal it?" and this time he let go of the wheel with both hands. The yacht veered wildly. As he held Louise, he dropped his right arm and a sack full of sand came out of the sleeve, and he hit her.

She was a dead weight in his arm for a moment, and then he kissed her once more and lowered her to the deck. He grabbed the wheel again, and put the Carnival Queen about, into shore, because they had rounded Pointe.

Ray, coming up to relieve him, said: "What happened?" and bent over the girl. And Con let him have it, too.

A seaplane was already more than a dot in the sky from England. It was close enough on the pontoons were visible, and coming fast.

X

IT WAS an hour since he had looked back from the wheel and seen the British plane take up Louise and Ray, seen them set his fine motor gig adrift and take off again.

An hour, and he was still alive, and the Queen was still going, and—

He had never been so alone in his life.

He handled the wheel, and he quartered in to France and in to France, ever closer to his goal. And they hadn't stopped him yet.

And then, inevitably, there was in the sky what he had always known there would be. Little

BOMBS RACK THE CARNIVAL QUEEN

figures that grow, turned into planes, and—

The first plane over used to do the job with a machine gun, and he guessed that was to save money. Bullets walked up the deck from the prow to the flying bridge and then there were holes in the awning over his head.

But they hadn't done the Queen any damage and there wouldn't be any more bullets, because now there were more planes. Fliers with the insignia of both sides on them, both sides in this war that was his war. He had fought it own little war, and he had slaved near won it.

Both sides would want to get him, because nobody would believe that a guy with ten million dollars could go so sick of his life he'd throw it away to get food to a bunch of fishermen who didn't have a thing in the world but the knowledge that Harold Conover was no heel.

He sat to his wheel, and he backed as Channel, and the sky we fell off. A flaming, searing plane fell to him, and she was falling fast. But she had been the pride of the yacht fleet, and she had guts.

the death of something that had been so proud a few minutes before.

His job was to steer his yacht.

Once a plane got out of that madhouse in the sky and let go one of those black dots, and after that he didn't make as much

I had a friend, and I could have had the first woman I ever had who wasn't thinking of that ten million dollars.

"So come on, you little flying bug, come on you bombers. Come on, you nations. This is Conover calling."

and she kept on coming and even in the shape she was in she was still fast enough for the job to do.

When she hit the double beach the pilot knew he was against the bulkhead at the lower bridge. There was no flying bridge left, nor was there much of a shirt left on the multi-millionaire owner; just a mess on his back that the shirt had left before he could put the fire out.

His eyebrows were gone and his hair was half gone, and the bang against the bulkhead knocked the wind out of him, but he staggered to the prow, and fell off it onto dry land.

A man in a priest's cassock appeared from behind a rock and ran up.

In French, he cried. "Vive le Roi!"

I knew it. I knew it. We were not bombed, m'sieu. "He stared at the sky, dark with the warplanes of the world, "because neither belligerent side occupies us; to do so would be suicide."

Conover staggered to his feet.

You always talked a lot, Pere Ladou," he muttered. He felt awfully tired.

The priest put an arm around him. "Come, come, the little doctor is here, he will attend you. You remember the little doctor whom you carried on the back that is now badly burned? Yes, he will fix you. But your beautiful yacht, it will never sail again."

"It's full of food," Con said. "Gee, food?"

"But of course," Pere Ladou said. "No, we are not bombed but we cannot get out to get food, and the people, my flock, they wish to leave. But I say, no, do not leave. M'sieu Conover will come back. He will be here soon, with food for all. Of course there is food in the Carnival Queen. What else would you bring, toy balloons for the children? Of a certainty there is food, food for all in Port de Vache."

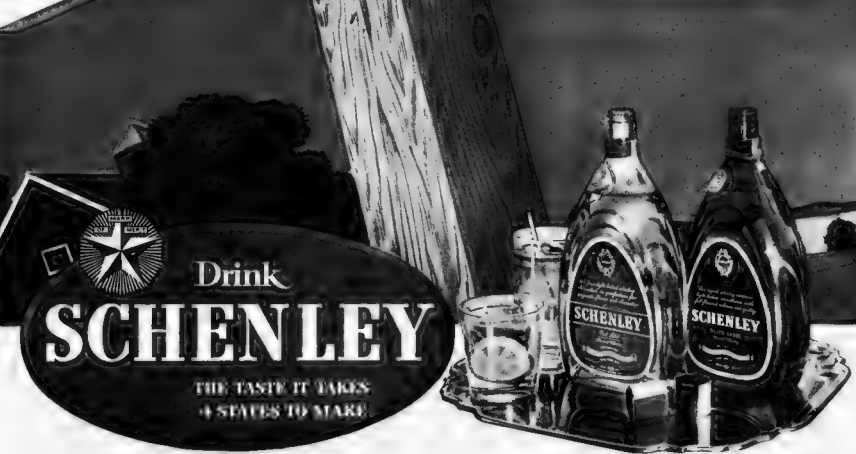
(THE END)

of WALT DISNEY

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

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The Soft and Billowing Charm of Another Day Is Believed in This "New" Nightie That Is Patterned After the Ones That Grandmothers Wore When She Was Young. To Make the Outfit Decorative and Comfortable It Has a Dainty Lace Collar and Drawstrings in the Full Sleeves.



Grandpa Might Not Recognize This "Up-to-Date" Sleeping Outfit for Members of the Gentler Sex—but It Was Inspired by the Nightshirts That the Old Man Used to Wear Before Pajamas Came Into Style.

MORE than one wise observer in the field of feminine fashions has discovered that there is nothing new under the sun when it comes to what the couturiers of Paris used to call "la mode."

The American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3439—Graceful, simple lines flatter a matronly figure. . . .
Pattern 3440—Stitch up this dainty apron to wear about the house and when knitting for the soldiers. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size, view A, requires 1 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric; view B, 3 1/2 yards and 1/2 yard contrast.

Pattern 3418—A complete outfit for warmer days ahead; a cunning sun-dress, a wrap-around dress and the cutest of bonnets. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 8 dress, requires 2 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric; bonnet, 1/2 yard; sun-suit, 1 1/2 yards.

Pattern 3438—Give your bed-spread fresh, new beauty with these lovely silks in three shades of orchid. They're very easy stitchery, you know, and there are extra motifs for border or scarf. Pattern 3418 contains a transfer pattern of a motif 18x21 inches; 4 motifs 43x18 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of fabrics, materials required.

BEDTIME FASHIONS THAT BRING BACK THE GOOD OLD DAYS

been there before many times. One season it's light slippers and the next season full-soles are in vogue, and this cycle has been going on more or less regularly since the Middle Ages. Short skirts, long skirts, big hats, little hats come and go and the newest fashion is quite likely to be a revival of something that was "the last word" centuries ago.

In Spring a young man's lady it is said, looks to love—and the fashion of the day reflects itself among other things with chic and comfortable outfits for the boudoir and the bedroom.

The photographs on this page show only a few of the new nocturnal fashions which astute American dressmakers have turned out to help the country's maids and matrons shake off the Winter doldrums.

It doesn't take the eye of an expert to see that the new Spring fashions in bedtime wear pile up the evidence that there is nothing new under the sun in feminine trappings.

One of the new sleeping outfits is frankly patterned after the following, long-sleeved high-necked nightgowns that were a popular American institution way back in Grandma's day. The pajama, like the horseless carriage, may be here to stay but it will never entirely obliterate one of the most comfortable, simple and feminine of outfits: the old-fashioned nightgown.

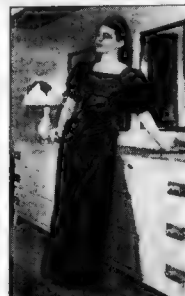
Just as reminiscent of other days is another of the "new" get-ups which the girls will wear while the Shakespeare put it knitting up the raveled ends of care. It isn't exactly like the nightshirt that Grandma used to wear, but it is close enough to it to show where the fashion designer went for inspiration.

The old man's simple "shift" had been streamlined and trimly

tailored here and there, but it is still a nightshirt in the Spring, as it was in the Gay Nineties, and for years before the so-called *Marve Decade*.

Another of the photographs on this page illustrates—about as fittingly as possible—another intimate evening outfit, which harks back to the good old days, even if it isn't quite as obvious a steal from our forefathers and grandmothers.

This nightgown is fashioned of black rayon and is trimmed with black lace. It could be called modern, but its square neckline, its short puffed sleeves and the pin tucking on the bodice are fine reminders of some of the poses which the dressmaker used to cut out and run up for our mothers a generation ago.



This Nightgown of Black Rayon and Lace Suggests the Kind of Outfit Which Was in Vogue in the Gay Nineties.

FOUNDATIONS are precious NOW!



How Silver Is Helping Us Beat the Axis

IT TAKES a silver bullet to slay a demon. Or so the ancient mystics believed. Bunk, you say, and bunk it is. But nevertheless a lot of little demons, in the form of Japs and Nazis, are soon going to learn there's a modern counterpart to this occult legend. The teacher will be Uncle Sam, and he's going to drive the lesson home with millions of "silver" bullets and bombs.

Revolutionary discoveries about the industrial use of silver have been made during the past year inventions that now enable America to forge a bigger and better war machine. And Uncle Sam, who has a corner on the world's silver supply, is making the most of it.

Silver is an excellent substitute for copper, zinc, nickel and other metals, retaining these for still other war uses. Silver and its alloys are now being used in the construction of battleships, bombs, guns, shells, tanks, torpedoes, trucks and planes.

The chief industrial use of silver today is silver solder. This will join metal so firmly that the joint is actually stronger than the original metal. So it's going to be silver-jointed shells and bombs that will rain down on the enemy forces—and there's going to be no mystic legend about them, for hell demons they will.

Industrial experts report that the use of silver solder is speeding up the manufacture of the armor of war, and saving uncalled millions of hours and labor.

The use of silver bearings in American bombers and fighting planes increases their speed and enables their engines to withstand greater shock and vibration. In general, silver adds greatly to the life of all types of armor and, in the case of break-downs, repairs can be made in a few hours with solder, which otherwise would take months.

In making use of silver in forging his war machine, Uncle Sam has a decided advantage—for his reserves have only 2 1/2 million ounces of silver in stock. Furthermore, a lot of his reserves are acacia.

American reserves have been quick to leap on the new inventions. During 1941, 80,000,000 ounces of silver were used in the U. S. alone, an increase of almost 95 per cent over 1940. The new silver-studded war equipment is just beginning to flow out the assembly lines.

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SAVE WITH LUX

Squeeze girdles gently in lukewarm Lux suds, rinse, dry away from heat. Avoid harsh washday soaps and cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

SAVE WITH LUX

Why Uncle Sam Doesn't Worry About a Potato Shortage

THE United States Government doesn't expect the war to cause a potato shortage here, but just the same, it is putting into operation plans to introduce a potato-like plant that exceeds the old familiar spud in many ways. This is called the "taro" and up to now has been common in the mid-Pacific islands, the Mediterranean countries and parts of Central and South America. The taro is a comparative stranger to this country, except in Florida, where it is cultivated under the name of dasheen.

The new vegetable is high in nourishing, very economical and contains less starch than the white potato. In the Hawaiian Islands where it is a particular favorite, experts have developed 60 different varieties. American experts with the aid of a soil different from Hawaii's may develop another 50 varieties.

The taro is a leafy green vegetable with a root that in size, shape and composition closely resembles the Irish and the sweet potato. Farmers will like it for they can grow two to four times as much as the white potato on the same amount of soil. Furthermore the taro pulp can be converted into a bread flour of high vitamin B content, as this vegetable contains 40 international units of Vitamin B per 100 grams for more than the so-called Irish potato. It also contains a healthy amount of calcium and only 20 per cent of starch.

In the Hawaiian Islands the experts have used the taro as a base for infant formulas. Taro

has also been made here into a beverage powder. Scientists agree with the Hawaiians that they have probably the best developed and healthiest teeth in the world—thanks in part to eating the taro.

Diehard probably will be loath to see the Irish potato give ground to the taro, for in addition to the white potato's tremendous services to humanity for almost 400 years it has one of the most amazing histories of any food.

The staple of millions of Europeans today as never before, the potato was first mentioned on the other side in 1538 when the Spaniard Pedro de Cieza de Leon, revelling in the Upper Cauca Valley of Peru, encountered it.

"Some historians are of the opinion that the potato first reached Great Britain and Ireland, where it stayed, about 1600 when a ship was wrecked off the coast of Lancashire and its cargo of potatoes floated ashore—and into the pots of hungry folk."

Others maintain that Sir Francis Drake returning to England in September, 1579, after circumnavigating the world, brought some several hundred pounds of the tubers. Still others attribute the honor of introducing the potato to the British to Sir Walter Raleigh.

During most of the early 17th Century the potato was denounced from many pulpits because no mention of it could be discovered in Holy Writ and ministers concluded it was unfit for human consumption. Others identified it with the fruit with which the serpent had tempted Eve.

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vitamins, always lessened by heat.

Make a meal of mussels—in tomato sauce, if you please, as native fishermen on other shores have done for centuries.

A last, but vital, word: make sauces or relishes for your fish dish, and take as much trouble with them as you do with the "graves" to accompany your meals. And don't invariably let them be "cream sauces," either. Fish is so rich in its own oils that it is a mistake to eternally white-sauce fish, and thus only add to the fat content of the whole dish.

The Mosie law of not mixing meat (fish) and milk, had something in it—for the most excellent sauces with fish are tart, piquant, made with tomato juice, cucumbers, pickles, relish, pepper, lemon, of course, and mixed and spiced herbs.

WHY do women order fish when they dine out, but so seldom serve seafoods on their own home table, although fish is a valuable health-building food?

Fish-cooking is the stumbling block. A woman who enjoys fried scallops, for example, or baked bluefish, or fried smelts in a restaurant, does not so eagerly approach the task of frying, baking, or deep-frying the same fish in her own kitchen! Now, the fault here lies first in a failure to understand fish preparation, as based on knowledge of fish composition—its protein, fat and fibre structure.

Fish and sea-foods have a soft, non-fibrous, layered composition which requires only a short, light treatment by heat to make it most palatable. The one outstanding error made by the majority of women cooks is that they overcook fish, using too high a temperature for too long a period.

Here enters the villain of the piece—the familiar (too familiar!) frying-pan. Alas, that most women fry fish—and seldom do anything else with it. Frying means grease, smoke, and attendant smell throughout the kitchen and house, and here is another big reason why so many women "don't like fish." What they mean is that they don't like cooking which gives off odors, and cooking which means the washing-up of unpleasant oily frying-pans.

Broiling is the ideal cooking method for most kinds of fish, especially for all the thick-skinned fish such as halibut, salmon, mackerel, etc., because, during the broiling, the excess fish-oil is released to drop away into the pan under the grid. A quick broiling under moderate, evenly-distributed heat is the perfect method for such fish, since, being done in an enclosed oven, much less odor and smoke is noticeable.

But if it be a large fish, such as whitefish, bass, snapper, then baking is also best. Any cleaned, boned, large fish is easily larded with strips of thin salt pork or bacon, placed in a baking-pan, and given the quick-even treatment, without smoke and no top-of-range bother, as usual with fried fish.

Further, even small fish, such as smelts or porgies or thin fish like flounder, may be sealed, laid on a baking-pan and baked, either after rolling in crumbs, or merely brushed with bacon or other dripping. Again, no frying-pan.

The exact directions for this quick-even baking are to place the fish in a pre-heated, very hot oven (500 degrees), and bake, uncovered, for from 10 to 12 minutes, depending on thickness. If the fish has previously been rolled in crumbs and milk, when baked it will have all the characteristics of a fish fried in deep fat—but all cooking odors will have been eliminated.

Housewives, don't be afraid of using your oven, come next fish day.

The average broiling-time for

small fillets, or a whole but thin fish, such as a whole fish split and opened out wide, is 12 minutes, flat. Place the whole fish (skin-side down) on well-greased broiler, and broil 12 minutes or until fish is nicely browned. Turn carefully, and broil on skin-side just long enough to crisp the skin.

Coarse fish, like cod and haddock, is excellent when made into a soup or chowder, an old-fashioned treatment of fish forgotten by many, but which built and sustained the sturdy fishermen of many nations throughout history. This kind of fish soup is the essence of low cost and good flavor.

Cut the meaty fish into large portions, and simmer in a small amount of seasoned water, depending on your fish. Combine with sufficient milk and thickening to give good consistency, and flavor as you will: high flavors with thyme and garlic, or modest flavors with carrot, celery and onion.

Serve with toasted crackers of the hearty "hardtack" type beloved by seamen, or pass hot boiled potatoes for each person, or to "dunk" into his soup-chowder-bowl. That's all you'll need for your entire meal, by any standard, either of nutrition or taste.

TO THE inland dweller, ocean fish may be an almost unknown food in the childhood menu, where taste and food-habits are so strongly forged.

Naturally, such persons find it a little difficult to "like clams," or to "enjoy mussels," or to persevere in a plaid fish dish as much enjoyment as in a similar planked meat offering.

It is fortunate that today, even the inland dweller can secure quick-frozen fish and other sea-foods in their natural state, because of present fine transportation facilities, or new packaging methods. What is known to the trade as "shucked" or shelled oysters and canned clams and canned clam juice, for instance, are available far inland. Shrimp, a notable coast delicacy, is to be had fresh in most seacoast markets, and a good pack is on the grocer's shelves. Fish balls, and flaked fish, mostly either cod or haddock, are to be had in convenient canned form for use in creamed and other economically made dishes.

Smoked and salted fish, another way of conserving the fish catch which is as old as man, offer other advantages to the thrifty buyer. A small pail or bucket of salted fish of various kinds is a very economical purchase in a family fond of fish for breakfast and lunch meals. Smoked haddock (called "haddock" by the Scotch, who can't smoke what they could not eat at one time), is now to be had in a domestic pack.

The rich salty and smoky flavor of all such fish is an added gourmet taste to many fish-lovers, who like their haddock simmered in milk, broiled under bacon, or broken up into a very zesty fish chowder. Eaten with hot boiled potatoes, flecked with parsley, and enjoyed with crisp

toasted breads, such as smoky milk chowder is tops for a hearty meal.

As HAS been pointed out many quick, deft and skilled treatment at the hands of the cook. No long cooking, no standing for perfection in oysters, clams, shrimp, scallops, etcetera.

Cook oysters "only until their edges curl," is the first rule of the cooking book; lay shrimp in cold water, just bring to the boil, cover, and let stand, exactly as you would a codded egg; use low, simmering heat on clams when you make that so-satisfying clam broth, if you will preserve the utmost in its



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DOES YOUR COOKING MAKE A HIT?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay \$5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

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Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money- saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay \$5.00 in cash. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please send your hints and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS, EDITOR, Grand Central Annex, New York.

SOUP
Canned beef soup is a good item to keep on hand. Delicious and economical soup can be quickly made by combining it with left over cooked vegetables, or by cooking the odds and ends of raw vegetables which accumulate and add to them a can of the soup.

Mrs. Jean White, Portland, Oregon.

HOSE
Here is a good way to make alk hose last longer. When you discover you have a hole in the heel don't darn it, but instead cut an inch with the scissors from each side of the hole turn wrong side out, matching the seams in back of leg to seam in foot put together and stitch across. This

gives a smooth appearance, does not show above the heel of shoe, giving two months more of extra wear.

Mrs. Geo. H. Cole, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ROASTER
If your supply of ground coffee becomes slightly stale before it is all used, place it in a shallow pie tin or earthen vessel set in a fairly hot oven for 5 minutes. The flavor will be improved.

Mrs. J. C. Havens, Sciotoville, Ohio.

MITS
Ever try bath mits? I made a pair from the good part of a bath towel. I find it much easier than wash cloths when bathing children.

Mrs. Earl A. Anderson, International Falls, Minn.

CHIPS
Potato chips are easy to make and very good. Cut potatoes in thin slices, fry in deep fat until brown. Drain on brown paper, sprinkle with salt.
Mrs. John Rozeyki, So. Bend, Indiana.

...and here's why Krispy Crackers are popular with millions, too!

There are 2 reasons: First, Sunshine Krispy Crackers give you what you want in a quality cracker—crunchy crispness, delicate flavor.

Second, they are so convenient in helping you solve the never-ending problem of feeding your always hungry family—they add appetizing zest to soups, salads and cheese and meats;

children love them with jam, jelly and peanut-butter after school; they make raids on the planet pleasant adventures.

Join the millions who enjoy the convenience, the economy, and the better taste of Sunshine Krispy Crackers. Try a package... Prove for yourself why they're so popular!



From the thousand window bakeries of Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company

Here's secret of perfect GRAVY at only a penny's cost!



KITCHEN BOUQUET

There is another angle to it. When my husband became one of these night workers, my whole world, too, seemed upside down, and had to be completely rearranged. So I hit upon this scheme. While I am preparing my regular meals, I prepare some kind of a casserole for him—ready ahead of time, it is often cooking while we do other things. I use a well-cooked, well-in-oiled dash usually containing meats, vegetables, etc., easy to prepare, easy to cook, to serve, complete in every way. Here are a few of the casseroles I have evolved, which I hope will solve the upside-down problem of other folks. The meats, etc., for these casserole dishes, needless to say, are nearly always similar to what served at our dinner and prepared when I prepare our regular meals.

WONDERFUL WAY TO REMOVE LOOSE DANDRUFF

If you want hair that's free from any loose dandruff, get a bar of Savanna's Vegetable Wonder Soap. At any drug, grocery, department or variety store. Cut bar into thin shivers and dissolve shivers in quart of lukewarm water. This makes a full quart of a fine liquid shampoo that will thoroughly cleanse your hair of loose dandruff, dirt, grease and grime... that times away completely without leaving any scummy film. One bar makes enough liquid shampoo for eight, ten or even twelve scalp cleanings at a total cost of not more than 10¢. Ask for Savanna's Vegetable Wonder Soap.

I HATE GRAY HAIR!



Of course you do! You know all too well how hair kills a woman's beauty. It can cause aches and pains, irritate the scalp, and even lead to a bad hair day. But there is a solution. Try the new hair cream from the makers of the famous "I Hate Gray Hair" cream. It's a simple way to remove the dandruff, itching, and irritation that cause gray hair. It's a simple way to remove the dandruff, itching, and irritation that cause gray hair. It's a simple way to remove the dandruff, itching, and irritation that cause gray hair.

Your Hidden Beauty revealed by Mercolized Wax Cream

A simple way to remove the dandruff, itching, and irritation that cause gray hair. It's a simple way to remove the dandruff, itching, and irritation that cause gray hair. It's a simple way to remove the dandruff, itching, and irritation that cause gray hair.

Now Many Wear FALSE TEETH With More Comfort

PASTETTE, a pleasant alkaline tooth powder, holds false teeth firmly in place. It's a simple way to remove the dandruff, itching, and irritation that cause gray hair. It's a simple way to remove the dandruff, itching, and irritation that cause gray hair.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

There is in this country a "tribe" of people unlike any other. Little is ever said about them, yet to my mind they are, literally, unsung heroes. I refer to those fine uncomplaining folk who work while other people sleep, and by so doing, live an upside down life in a right side up world.



HOT MEALS FOR THE NIGHT SHIFT

By Mrs. MICHAEL WADE, Medical Lake, Washington.

There is another angle to it. When my husband became one of these night workers, my whole world, too, seemed upside down, and had to be completely rearranged. So I hit upon this scheme. While I am preparing my regular meals, I prepare some kind of a casserole for him—ready ahead of time, it is often cooking while we do other things. I use a well-cooked, well-in-oiled dash usually containing meats, vegetables, etc., easy to prepare, easy to cook, to serve, complete in every way. Here are a few of the casseroles I have evolved, which I hope will solve the upside-down problem of other folks. The meats, etc., for these casserole dishes, needless to say, are nearly always similar to what served at our dinner and prepared when I prepare our regular meals.

Simple Goulash
Part of this recipe is usually our dinner, then reheated for the night shift. It is always good. 3 pounds beef shoulder, 1 tablespoon bacon grease, butter or shortening, 1 green pepper—1 medium onion both chopped, 1 clove of garlic, finely chopped, 1 teaspoon salt. **Pepper to taste**
1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1 package spaghetti or noodles. Have the beef cut into small pieces, and sauté in a hot, greased frying pan. Add the chopped garlic, onion, and green pepper to this, and brown a bit, stirring it around as it is always good. 3 pounds beef shoulder, 1 tablespoon bacon grease, butter or shortening, 1 green pepper—1 medium onion both chopped, 1 clove of garlic, finely chopped, 1 teaspoon salt. **Pepper to taste**
1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1 package spaghetti or noodles. Have the beef cut into small pieces, and sauté in a hot, greased frying pan. Add the chopped garlic, onion, and green pepper to this, and brown a bit, stirring it around as it is always good.

4 tablespoons flour
3 cups vegetable liquid and 1½ cups milk
Salt, pepper, paprika to taste
Boil the carrots and potatoes, then slice in small pieces, mix with the peas, salmon and seasonings. Make a sauce by melting the butter, sauté the chopped onion in the butter at this time, blend in the flour, and slowly add the liquid, using more milk if desired. Cook carefully till it thickens, then pour over the vegetable mixture, blending carefully. Put all in a buttered baking dish. Make your favorite biscuit recipe, or use the prepared mix, arrange small biscuits over top of casserole, bake in hot oven till biscuits are brown and done, about eighteen minutes.

Beef Oven Pie
2 pounds beef, ground
2 onions, chopped fine
1 green pepper, chopped fine
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
½ cup grated American cheese
3 cups noodles, cooked
1 small can tomato hot sauce
1 cup water
1 teaspoon chili powder
Salt and pepper to taste
Sauté meat till brown and done in bacon grease or butter. Mix all ingredients together, place in oven casserole, bake in slow oven for one and one-half hours. May be mixed early in the day. These are only a few taken from random from my carefully prepared list of casseroles, etc., naturally, occasionally I serve my husband broiled chops, steaks, etc., but sometimes these slow cooked, flavorful casserole meals are tops with us all, and preferred over everything else.

Salmon Pie
This recipe is designed for eight servings—I merely use one large and one small casserole, and in this recipe, have the biscuit mix ready, and mix for the small casserole at the last minute. It is very good, by the way.
6 boiled potatoes
6 boiled carrots
1 No. 2 can of peas, or 2 cups fresh, cooked peas
1 pound can red salmon
½ cup chopped onion
4 tablespoons butter
Salt to taste

Turnip Lettuce
SERVE IT WITH MASHED POTATOES
The following is a recipe which was brought into the middle-west many generations ago by my great-grandmother from Pennsylvania," writes Mrs. Anna M. Fisher, Flint, Michigan. "One quart of sliced turnips which have been sliced paper thin and soaked in salt and liquid which has formed and served with the following sauce:
Fry 2 slices of onion, finely chopped, until brown
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
1 tablespoon flour
Salt to taste

"Mix in the order given and pour into frying pan with bacon. Continue stirring until thickened, adding a little water if necessary. More vinegar may be added if desired. When done this sauce is somewhat thicker than ordinary gravy. Pour the sauce over sliced turnips in bowl and stir thoroughly. Serve immediately."
Mrs. Fisher, this is a different way to prepare turnips. We tried your recipe with an accompaniment of mashed potatoes and found the combination very good indeed.—Mary Lee Swann.

Liver Pot Roast
AN OLD TIME "DOWN-ON-THE-FARM" RECIPE
His dish to the best of my ability has never appeared in a cook book. It was given to me by a friend. Here is the recipe," writes Mrs. Catherine Arp, Quincy, Ill. This quantity will serve seven or eight people.
4 pounds beef or hog liver
1 cup thick sour cream
all in one piece
Salt and pepper to taste
2 large onions, sliced
1 cup water
7 tablespoons bacon fat or shortening

"Heat bacon fat and brown nicely on all sides remove to a greased baking dish. Slice the onions and sauté in the drippings add to the liver and salt and pepper to taste. Add 1 cup thick sour cream, ½ cup water. Cover and bake slowly in a slow oven for two hours or it may be cooked on top of the stove for two hours. Liver cooked in this way is very delicious and when placed on a platter it stands up well and slices as nicely as any roast. The thick cream and water cooks down to make a very delectable gravy."

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YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN \$5
The American Weekly will pay \$5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereto belong to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be very good. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book, readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereto belong to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be very good. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book.

Note: The Winner of a \$5 Prize is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Really Good One, Send It In.

In thinking about the war and your own babies you probably feel as I do when I think about my own baby son. It's so important that we bequeath them a free country in a peaceful world! For your children's sake won't you please buy defense stamps and bonds — as many as you can and as often as you can?
Mrs. Dan Fisher



Yes sir baby,—livin' sure is easy. Just imagine having three lovely cereals to choose from—3 different flavors to help keep an infant both happy and well fed. Gerber's Oatmeal and Strained Oatmeal are ready to serve with added milk or formula. With Gerber's Cooked-in-Milk Cereal added liquid is optional.

Look, Gerber's grows special baby vegetables that are special vegetables. Nursed from selected seed into plump tender beauties and picked nearly as possible on the hour of perfect ripeness. Rushed to the nearby kitchens where special cooking methods retain minerals and vitamins in high degree.

Gerbers Baby Foods

Free Samples
Gerber's, Dept. A-1, Fremont, Mich.
Please send me free samples of seven or eight products of Gerber's Baby Foods.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY AND STATE _____

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?



Arm Yourself with a Great Tonic • • • Stormy Days Ahead

do you feel run down? Not quite up to things? This is no time to help under par! Now more than ever you want to help keep in condition—for Uncle Sam's sake as well as your own. When systems need toning up, many doctors recommend taking Scott's Emulsion regularly to help the body recuperate. The vital elements contained in this well-known preparation have long been recognized for their tonic benefits, helpful to young and old alike.

Scott's Emulsion is no ordinary tonic. It is well-known, rich in natural "A" and "D" vitamins. If you are deficient in these vitamins, Scott's will also help you build resistance against colds, 4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil. Pleasant-tasting and economical too. Buy today at your drugist!



SCOTT'S EMULSION
A Great Year-Round Tonic For All Aged

PINEAPPLE PIE

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS AS WELL AS DINNER DESSERT
"THE best way to show how good is the old family recipe for pineapple pie which I am submitting, is, I think, to tell you that when I was a child at home, we used to choose it for our birthday treat instead of a birthday cake," writes Mrs. Marvin Gethmann, Tieton, Washington. "Could you ask for better proof?"
"Heat ½ cup butter, ½ cup sugar, and yolks of 2 eggs to a cream in 1½ cups crushed pineapple. Dissolve 2 teaspoons cornstarch in ½ cup sweet cream, add to pineapple mixture, and mix thoroughly. Gently fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Place mixture in a large unheated pie shell. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, and bake until filling is brown on top and firm in the center."

(Mrs. Gethmann, we are not surprised that your family often requested pineapple pie instead of cake on your birthday. If there were a competition for your recipe for pineapple pie, it would certainly be a long time before the shortest pie that seems so popular today.—Mary Lee Swann.)

English School Boys of the 17th Century Were Fed Beer, Bread and Cheese Both for Breakfast and Supper. Their Lunches Consisted of Beef and Wheat Boiled in Milk With Sugar and Egg Yolks.



HONEY SPICE BREAD

ITS FLAVOR WILL DELIGHT ALMANACKERS
"I SUPPOSE you know better than I do what a wonderful thing your pages are but let me thank you like all the other persons who tell you so," writes Annette Meckel, Mexico City. "Even though I live 'South of the border' I still never fail to jump for the Almanack when it comes—and there are many American women here who feel the same way. Besides thanking you, I'd like to have you try this delicious recipe."

2 cups flour (sifted)
½ cup sugar
½ cup milk
1½ tablespoons butter
1 egg
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon anise seed
1 teaspoon ginger

"Mix honey and sugar very well, add butter and milk till blended. Add the egg and beat for a few minutes. Sift flour together with soda and spices (except anise seed). Add alternately with milk to first mixture. Mix in the anise seed. Beat well. Four into well greased loaf pan and let it stand one hour. Bake about forty-five minutes, or until done, at 350 degrees F. The next day slice thinly, as needed, and spread with softened butter. Makes you want to ask for more!"
"Your recipe made a very nice loaf of excellent texture. Many women are asking for honey recipe now because some of them remember the days of the last war when sugar was scarce. It is surprising how quickly we can grow accustomed to a shortage of certain food. However, many times have been in a loaf time to get on to use more honey and maybe this is one way of doing it.—Mary Lee Swann."

LIVER POT ROAST

AN OLD TIME "DOWN-ON-THE-FARM" RECIPE
His dish to the best of my ability has never appeared in a cook book. It was given to me by a friend. Here is the recipe," writes Mrs. Catherine Arp, Quincy, Ill. This quantity will serve seven or eight people.
4 pounds beef or hog liver
1 cup thick sour cream
all in one piece
Salt and pepper to taste
2 large onions, sliced
1 cup water
7 tablespoons bacon fat or shortening

"Heat bacon fat and brown nicely on all sides remove to a greased baking dish. Slice the onions and sauté in the drippings add to the liver and salt and pepper to taste. Add 1 cup thick sour cream, ½ cup water. Cover and bake slowly in a slow oven for two hours or it may be cooked on top of the stove for two hours. Liver cooked in this way is very delicious and when placed on a platter it stands up well and slices as nicely as any roast. The thick cream and water cooks down to make a very delectable gravy."

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Amanack Echoes

Extra Buttermilk? Here's How to Use It

By MRS. R. C. HARBIN,
Oakland, California.

BOTH my husband and I are very fond of buttermilk and clabber-milk. Kentucky fellows are as a rule. For a change from drinking it, I use it to make bread, and it is good! My mother taught me this way: First I soak $\frac{1}{2}$ yeast cake in 1 pint of whey, made from clabber milk or buttermilk. Do this at noon, and have the whey lukewarm when yeast is added. Let stand two hours, then thicken with flour, making a stiff batter. Let this rise, set in a warm place in the evening put in as much water as you want to make bread, beat real well, put in a warm place, and let set until morning. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 large cooking spoon of salt, 2 tablespoons of lard, and enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead until smooth. Let rise twice and then bake.

During our Kentucky visit, my mother-in-law showed me another way of making buttermilk bread. I call it: **Neither Harbin's Kentucky Bread** Sift enough flour into 1 quart of hot buttermilk to make a thick batter; add 1 cake of yeast, which has been dissolved in lukewarm water, then set to rise. When light, work in half a teaspoonful of soda which has been dissolved thoroughly in a tablespoon of warm water and add a teaspoonful of salt.

Clabber Milk or Buttermilk Drop Cookies
(sometimes 1 use lard)
2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs
1 cup buttermilk
1 cup raisins (chopped)

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Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Unsweetened Pineapple Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Raisins	Breakfast Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Bacon, Toast, Coffee	Breakfast Orange Juice, Grapefruit, Eggs, Cold Cereal, Toast, Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Toasted Omelet, Soft Meal Muffins, Toast, Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Toasted Omelet, Soft Meal Muffins, Toast, Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Toasted Omelet, Soft Meal Muffins, Toast, Coffee	Breakfast Grapefruit, Cereal, Toasted Omelet, Soft Meal Muffins, Toast, Coffee
Luncheon Cold Cuts, Canned Beans, Stuffed Potatoes, Salad, Fruit	Luncheon Cold Cuts, Canned Beans, Stuffed Potatoes, Salad, Fruit	Luncheon Cold Cuts, Canned Beans, Stuffed Potatoes, Salad, Fruit	Luncheon Cold Cuts, Canned Beans, Stuffed Potatoes, Salad, Fruit	Luncheon Cold Cuts, Canned Beans, Stuffed Potatoes, Salad, Fruit	Luncheon Cold Cuts, Canned Beans, Stuffed Potatoes, Salad, Fruit	Luncheon Cold Cuts, Canned Beans, Stuffed Potatoes, Salad, Fruit
Dinner Roast Beef, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Salad, Fruit	Dinner Roast Beef, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Salad, Fruit	Dinner Roast Beef, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Salad, Fruit	Dinner Roast Beef, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Salad, Fruit	Dinner Roast Beef, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Salad, Fruit	Dinner Roast Beef, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Salad, Fruit	Dinner Roast Beef, Baked Potatoes, Green Beans, Salad, Fruit

"Easy, isn't it?...to make tubs shine with Bon Ami"

• "Helping Mother" is how many women have learned to depend on Bon Ami. As youngsters they learned to like the quick way it gets bathtubs clean and shining bright. As grown-ups, they're mighty grateful it's so safe to use—that unlike coarse, gritty cleansers, Bon Ami does not leave scratches that catch and hold dirt and make porcelain hard to clean.

Bon Ami
quick, thorough, safe!

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OH! THEY DIDN'T
EAT MY PIE CRUST—
IT TURNED OUT
TOUGH AGAIN!

CHEER UP! HERE'S THE
BIGGEST PIE NEWS EVER!
CRISCO'S GOT A NEW PASTRY METHOD—
IT'S SURE-FIRE!



Now—try Crisco's new, SURE way to get flakypie crust!

Only Crisco has new success secret—now end 2 big causes of tough pastry!

Isn't it awful when company eats the pie filling and leaves the crust? But listen—now you can say goodbye to tough crust forever!

Just change to Crisco and its new, easy Pastry Method... at last you're sure to get flaky, mouth-melting pie crust!

Yes—pure, all-vegetable Crisco is different from every other shortening—it does more to assure you of tender, flaky pastry than any other shortening we know of. And Crisco has ended the two big perils of pie-making: too much

water in the dough and over-handling it. Crisco's brand-new Pastry Method tells you exactly how much water to use. And Crisco's pie dough isn't sticky—it's just right—a cinch to roll out. There's no call to handle the dough too much.

Won't you buy Crisco this very day and make a pie by Crisco's own New Pastry Method? What a big thrill! You've found the winning combination that's sure to give you flaky, delicious pie crust!

HERE'S CRISCO'S OWN PASTRY METHOD!
Easy! Ends 2 big causes of tough pastry!

ONE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS: Sift $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water into bowl. Take out $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of this flour and mix with 1 tablespoon water to form a paste.

Blending's Easy—With Crisco
Now add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco to remaining flour (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups). Cut Crisco in with the fingers as fine as small peas. (Notice how easily Crisco goes into flour and blends.)

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Now add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco to remaining flour (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups). Cut Crisco in with the fingers as fine as small peas. (Notice how easily Crisco goes into flour and blends.)

Double-Crust Measurements: Use 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco. Take out $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour and blend with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

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FOR all letters printed in this column, please send them to the Editor, The American Weekly, 100 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. The shorter the letters the better. Names should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly, 100 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. No return of letters is guaranteed.

it was a very healthful dessert, and especially good for people who were ill. In Holland when a person was sick, a neighbor would make this Dutch dish and give it to the sick person, hoping to see this recipe on the Almanack Page as there are probably a lot of younger Dutch women who cannot get hold of the recipe. My husband is Irish and likes it very much.

My Husband's Buttermilk Waffles
1 cup cold water
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon shortening
2 eggs
1 cup flour
3 cups soda
1 cup sweet milk

POTATO SOUP
Dear Almanack:
The pickled cabbage recipe in your "Almanack" column was one I have wanted for over 20 years. My mother used to pickle cabbage that way, but, as she died so young and we couldn't remember just how she pickled the cabbage, we sisters had no recipe for it. Many thanks to Mrs. John Sutton. I think my mother asked a little turmeric powder, as the cabbage was such a pretty color when pickled. Here is our family's original recipe for potato soup.

Almanack Recipes for Every Meal
Lighten your menu worries with the pick of prize-winning Almanack recipes in handy, cheap form containing dozens of helpful suggestions for every meal of the day.

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HERE'S A SIMPLE AID TO
Clear-Eyed
MORNING SPARKLE

DO THIS...before you go to bed Tonight

DO YOU wake up feeling really fresh and radiant in the morning? Or are you frequently listless and sluggish and dull-eyed?

If you haven't been waking clear-eyed and buoyant, you should know this: Today, science is reporting startling discoveries about food. About new-found almost-magic food elements—with power to revitalize millions of the tired and nervous and build them up for clear-eyed mornings and vigorous days.

As you may have read in recent magazines, these new-found food elements are so important that governments throughout the world are changing national diets to include more of them. Warning nations feed them to their armies, to build up physical stamina and sound nerves. They train to capture people, to sap resistance and undermine morale.

Already our own government is seeking ways to supply more of these elements. For government studies show that 2 out of every 3 Americans aren't sure of getting enough of these vital food-factors to be at their best.

What To Do
In light of these new discoveries thousands are taking a cup of new, improved Ovaltine night and morning. For Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to do two important things.

First: Taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep—without drugs.

Second: To build vitality while you sleep, Ovaltine supplies a wider variety and wealth of valuable food elements than any single natural food. More than merely a "vitamin carrier," it provides not just two—or four—or six—but fifteen important food elements, including vitamins and minerals frequently deficient in ordinary foods. It supplies significant amounts of Vitamin A, B, D and C, protecting minerals, complete proteins.

So—for clear-eyed morning freshness and more vital, buoyant days—turn to the new, improved Ovaltine, starting tonight. See if you don't begin to look and feel far more "alive" and sparkling—with new zest for life. Get a tin today!

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